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the same solemn and impressive strains the whole Poem proceeds,  
in the form of a perfect narrative, and by one who sustains  
its lofty character throughout."

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## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

### THE LITERARY WORLD :

#### ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE new statute passed by the Congregation of the University of Oxford for providing an annual examination of the middle classes is likely to bring that learned body into closer connection with our national education than it has hitherto been. The general outline of the plan is to provide an authorised board of examiners, who will respond to the invitation of any middle-class school throughout the country by examining into the state of proficiency among the pupils. Upon such pupils who may be ascertained to reach a certain standard of excellence, which is yet to be determined upon, the title of Associate of Arts will be conferred—a title purely honorary, and conferring no special benefit or privilege, either in the University or elsewhere; yet we have no doubt that it will be eagerly sought after. We are glad that the governing body of this ancient University has taken the initiative in the matter, and has shown that, in spite of all their conservative traditions, they still recognise a more onerous responsibility upon themselves than the enjoyment of a life spent in dignified ease and comparative idleness. We feel certain that these examinations will do much to inform the people of England, not only of the existence, but of the beneficial working, of the University system. The next step in advance of this would be to create a moderate number of scholarships, as prizes to be competed for by these Associates of Arts. From what we hear, it is not improbable that the sister University of Cambridge will ere long follow the example already set.

The evidence on the question of the authorship of the Waverley Novels has received an addition, without materially strengthening it, in the shape of the following letter from the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS SCOTT, addressed to the editor of the *Times*.

SIR.—As the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, we desire to offer to the public, through your journal, our full and entire contradiction of a report which has been circulated, and which claims for our parents some participation, less or more, in the authorship of the Waverley Novels.

We shall be greatly obliged by your giving publicity to our declaration that these surmises are entirely false.—We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

JESSIE HUXLEY,  
ANNE RUTHERFORD SCOTT,  
ELIZA C. PEAT.

June 8.

Very positive and clear, but scarcely satisfactory. It would be interesting to know upon what grounds these ladies give their "full and entire contradiction" to the case so ingeniously put forward by Mr. FIRZPATRICK. How old were they at the time of the publication of the Waverley Novels? What means had they of knowing everything about their father and mother? If THOMAS SCOTT and his wife really had anything to do with the authorship of the novels, doubtless the fact was kept a most profound secret, even in the interior of their own household. Is it quite positive, then, that that which was scarcely whispered in the parlour was common report in the nursery? Altogether, it appears to us that the testimony of Mesdames HUXLEY and PEAT, néé SCOTT, and of Miss ANNE RUTHERFORD SCOTT, leaves the matter precisely where it was before.

Our great public schools are in a state of great agitation about the refusal of the powers that be to permit those annual competitions of cricketing skill which have hitherto been events in the life of every Etonian and Wykehamist. The obnoxious prohibition is supposed to be due to the exertions of Dr. MOBERLY, the respected head-master of Winchester, who has formed an opinion adverse to the continuance of these matches. The matter has become the subject of some correspondence in the daily press, and endeavours are being made to induce the worthy Doctor to reconsider his flat. For our part, we sincerely hope that these efforts will not be unsuccessful. The manly and athletic sports of youth should be encouraged rather than disconcerted; and anything that tends to that end, even at the expense of begetting a little extra roughness, must counteract that spirit of effete dandyism, that disgusting habit of aping the

folly and vices of more advanced manhood, which there is too much reason to fear is fast gaining ground among our youths. A sensible suggestion has been made in a letter to the *Times*, by a gentleman who signs "A Wykehamist," to the effect that, as the question is one *bonum morum*, the parents shall be requested to decide whether they "would wish their sons to play at Lord's or not." We have little doubt that, if this were done, the reply would be in almost every case in the affirmative.

The advocates of matrimony among the Cambridge Fellows have issued a circular, in which they give a clearer expression to their views than they have hitherto ventured upon. They announce their hobby as "a question of great social importance, both to the University and the Public;" they stigmatise the restriction as "a remnant of the monastic institutions of the Church of Rome;" they quote Dean PEACOCK to show that when the statutes were promulgated, in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, they "created nearly universal disgust" among the subjects of the maiden queen; and finally they contend that, inasmuch as the University system is designed to form the perfect man, it cannot be considered to fulfil all its functions unless it includes "the softening and elevating influence of domestic life." So then, if marriage and its duties are to form part of the educational system at Cambridge, we may shortly expect to hear of lectureships upon the art of how to make home happy, a course of instruction in housekeeping, and so forth; whilst the examination papers will doubtless contain some such questions as these:

*Given a Fellowship of 200l. a year, to find the number of silk dresses that a man can prudently afford for his wife?*

*State what you know about the teething of infants and the best mode of treatment during that crisis?*

Whilst BROWNE'S medal will probably be given for the best copy of Greek Sapphics upon "the Joys of Paternity."

In reply to a correspondent who criticises the observations made by our dramatic censor upon the prudery of the *Times* with respect to VERDI'S opera of "La Traviata," we can only give an assurance that nothing was further from the intention of the writer than to advocate "the introduction of Continental laxity." The observations of our contributor were pointed more to the danger of giving prominence to such matters than to the merits of the "Traviata" itself. It is an undeniable fact that the efforts of the contemners of that opera have done more to ensure its popularity than the intrinsic merits of the work itself. Gauged by a severe standard of morality, "La Traviata" is perhaps quite as bad as "Don Giovanni," "Semiramide," or many other works that we could name which hold a very high position upon the operatic stage; and, without intending at all to enter into a defence of its immorality, we must confess that we have been utterly unable to understand the persistency with which this opera has been *affiché* as the most immoral work upon the Italian stage. So irreconcileable with the facts has this appeared to us, and so unmissable has been the result of that treatment, that we have sometimes been inclined to suspect that the whole agitation has originated in a shrewd managerial *ruse*, intended to promote the success and popularity of what is really a very bad opera, musically speaking.

But it is not "La Traviata" alone, but the whole plan of entertainment at the Opera-house, which excites the eloquent indignation of Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE, who, having lately paid a visit to the Opera, thus thunders for the benefit of the readers of the *Dunfries Album*:

Of the Haymarket opera my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding, at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp—a hall as if fitted up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps, of a distinguished kind, and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior to toillessness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their mustin *couleurs* round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing

themselves, motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of india-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine II. had bred herself so carefully.

To the audience itself the stern moralist is not a whit more complimentary.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service, which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned, the light in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human hue arts and coarse, was magical and made your fair one an Armida, if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old improper females (of quality) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of enchantment, and I saw this and the other lean domestic dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face, this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios, and Macassar oil graciosity, and then tripping out again; and, in fact I perceived that Coletti and Cerito, and the Rhythmic arts were a mere accompaniment here. Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes. Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste, which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the modern aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its arts, heavenly music itself, and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons. Never in nature had I seen such waste before."

And the moral of this eloquent objurgation is, that operas and such like things, by degrading the great gifts of Heaven and applying them to improper and unworthy uses, only serve to stifle what Mr. CARLYLE calls "heroisms." This, says he, "is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms." Not that he expects "the opera will abolish itself this year or the next," for so long as SINGEDELOMME and MAHOGANY are about, the thing will flourish; but it shall not be said that THOMAS CARLYLE has not raised a warning voice against these shams and monkeyisms, and has not exhorted the people to become a "population of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable, withal, of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasions." And perhaps the strangest thing about this is, that there is a terrible amount of truth in it after all.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR.—Mr. Newby, of Welbeck-street, having, during my absence from England, and without my cognizance, published a novel in three volumes, called "The Hobbies," on the title-page and in the advertisements of which it is stated to be "edited by JULIA KAVANAGH," I am under the painful necessity of stating that my name has been affixed to the book without my knowledge or consent, and that I have, consequently, instructed my solicitors to take such legal measures as will compel Mr. Newby to withdraw my name from the title-page and advertisements of the work.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JULIA KAVANAGH.

London, June 9, 1857.

Among the forthcoming works of interest we note—"The Kaffirs of Natal and the Zulu Country," by the Rev. JOSEPH SHOOTER (E. STANFORD); and the "Lives of Philip Howard and Anne Dacre his Wife," by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and "Chow Chow," by Lady FALKLAND (Hurst and BLACKETT). Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL announce a work on "The Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks;" and "The Choice of a Profession," by H. BYERLEY THOMSON, B.A.; a new novel by CHARLES LEVER, "The Fortunes of Glencore;" and a new serial, by the same hand, to commence on the 1st of July, and be entitled "Davenport Dunn." Messrs. BLACKWOOD announce a new novel, by Mrs. OLIPHANT, "The

Athelings; or, the Three Gifts." Mr. MURRAY announces as "just ready" Lord DUFFERIN'S yacht-voyage, under the title of "Letters from High Latitudes."

DOUGLAS JERROLD is dead; and those who knew him and loved him in life are honourably employed in laying upon his tomb the *immortelles* due from friendship and from the admiration which is even due to real genius. For JERROLD was one of those few men to whom the word "genius" can be fairly applied. He was a creator of Ideas, a *pôïète*, an original thinker among men. He was what is called a satirist—which means a man who tears down the flimsy veils with which society hides her nakedness, who refuses to *wink hard* after the universally conventional fashion—in a word, who loves Truth better than Chesterfieldism. But JERROLD's satire was never directed to a bad end. No one can say that he ever attacked the weak or avoided the strong; no one can accuse him of truckling to power, or of writing that he did not thoroughly believe; or of shooting the arrows of his wit against anything that is really great and holy. His life was independent from the beginning to the end. Commencing in lowly places, he worked his way up by the sheer force of innate genius, climbing and toiling, and bravely hewing his way with the good keen sword which God had blessed him withal. And, from all we can hear of him, his character never altered throughout all that painful career; but all along

he was the same steadfast and uncompromising soul to the last. Some say that poverty had soured him; but this is not true. Poverty had taught him that there is much Wrong and Oppression in the world, and the lesson which he then learnt he never forgot. It is easy to understand why JERROLD never cared for what is called Society. Indeed, Society, with its shams and its rouge, and its crinoline and its false calves, would not have been supremely delighted at receiving this man, with his tongue like a flaming sword, and his heart unsparing and undaunted. So JERROLD did not do much penance upon the social treadmill. But, for all that, there were circles in which his presence was ever welcome—in which he was loved for those very qualities which made him feared elsewhere—in which his great strong mind was appreciated and his kindly nature known, and where every heart thrilled again to the electricity of his splendid wit. Those who knew him not might shake their heads and pass by on the other side; stupid people, who look only upon the surface of things, might talk sagely of misapplied talents and time misused; the foolish and the vicious who had felt the keen edge of his polished sarcasm might wince and cry out that he was cruel; but seldom has a man passed away from the earth who has left truer, more affectionate, and more sorrowing friends than has DOUGLAS JERROLD. He is to be laid in Norwood Cemetery to-day, and those who would know how JERROLD was prized and loved would do well to go thither and see how the last

tribute of respect to his mortal remains will be paid.

Our scientific contemporary, the *Lancet*, commenting upon the event after its own fashion, gives the following account of the cause of death:—"Long-existing disease of the aortic valves had rendered him peculiarly susceptible to unhealthy influences; and pulmonary and renal congestion, terminating in *ischuria renalis*, ended his earthly career." We are happy to hear that when the affairs of DOUGLAS JERROLD come to be examined, it will be found that he has given a practical contradiction to the accusation of wilful improvidence which is so commonly brought against even the most successful literary men. Having enjoyed for many years past an income such as few men can achieve by any of the learned professions, it is expected that he has made an ample provision for the few members of his family who require support. If these expectations be happily realised, we shall be spared the humiliating spectacle (now too common) of seeing the box go round for aid when aid ought to have been rendered quite unnecessary; and we shall be able to point with pride to at least one family of a man of letters which owes nothing to the bounty of the public. We are also glad to hear that the post which DOUGLAS JERROLD filled as the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* will be held by his eldest son, Mr. WILLIAM BLANCHARD JERROLD, who, has for some time past ably seconded his father in his journalistic labours.

L.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*The State Policy of Modern Europe, from the beginning of the Sixteenth Century to the present time.* London: Longman and Co. 1857.

THESE volumes are dedicated by an anonymous author to the American Ambassador, Mr. Dallas, and are most probably the production of an American. As such they come stamped with a *prima facie* appearance of impartiality, which alone is enough to entitle them to attention; and, indeed, if they are the offspring of an English mind, they disclose a comprehensive research which, added to a clear and popular style, will probably give them considerable circulation. At the same time, notwithstanding the array of authorities with which the author prefaces his work, we cannot compliment him on the discovery or novel enunciation of any facts or any principles which were not previously and thoroughly stereotyped. The theory of the balance of power for instance, which the author takes to be the modern invention, as it has been undoubtedly the guiding policy of modern Europe in the latest times, is yet neither modern in its origin, nor has it been until within the last hundred years the prominent, consistent, or intelligible policy of Europe. The truth is that the balance of power, as is known to all readers of Hume's Essays, came before Europe as a definite and only sound policy but a very little before the time when Hume himself wrote. It is also to be noticed, although the present author does not seem to have perceived the fact, that the balance of power is a policy peculiar neither to era nor country. It is the mediæval and declining policy of all empires and all nations. While the race is young and vigorous—while the blood bounds briskly along the veins of a people in the pride of their youth and their unchecked audacity—forward enterprise, and not stationary mediocrity, is the only policy that it will hearken to, the only course that it will adopt. As it is in the modern, so it was in the ancient world. In the outset of their contemporaneous career Athens and Sparta fought for supremacy. Rome did the same until first Latium, then Italy, and then Carthage, led her on, step by step, to the conquest of the known world. It was the law of advancing nations: it was the principle of that natural development which could not have been checked without imminent danger of extinguishing the life of the nation. Who, with any knowledge of human nature, can say that such a course was merely one of restless, reckless, and futile ambition? There is a law to which all nations, like all men—and especially young nations and young men—are forced to submit themselves.

They have the power of striding forward with a giant's velocity; but they are subject to an equal reaction of inertness, which drives them backward with a corresponding velocity, unless they use their onward impetus. It is as much the law of youth to advance as it is for that of maturity to preserve the acquisitions of youth, and for old age to relinquish them gradually to a more vigorous generation.

"Ἐγεναῖσθαι, βουλαῖσθαι, μισθοῖσθαι, οὐδὲ γιγνόντων.

Hence, in considering the policy of modern Europe, or rather the policy of the last two hundred years, it will not do to ignore, as the present author ignores entirely, the fact that the more moderate and international policy which has succeeded the feudal system of Europe is to a certain extent an argument that the predominance of race no longer exists as it existed in earlier centuries, when the conquerors of the old Roman Empire were yet seething in an incessant fermentation, for which an incessant blood-letting was as much the natural remedy as it is for the plethoras of ordinary life. In such a state of things a balance of power is an impracticable chimera: unsuited to the genius of a nation, and incompatible with its uncontrollable instincts. Time, the tamer, will bring the hour when that feverish effervescence shall have simmered down into the tranquillity of an infant's sleeping life; but that hour comes only and remains only while under that specious tranquillity, apparently so weak but inwardly so strong, lies the full beating pulse of mature life—a pulse which has lost, indeed, the hysterical ecstasy which led it to dash itself out fruitlessly against self-made obstacles, but retains under the partial languor of philosophical experience the resolution and the ability to consolidate and enjoy the fruits of earlier struggles. Hence, as Athens and Sparta combined with Thebes, after the exhausting conflicts of their first manhood, in attempting vainly to establish a balance of power against the Macedonian power: as Carthage attempted as vainly to establish a similar balance by inciting and seconding Pyrrhus against the rising empire of Rome: as Rome herself, for many ages before her fall, and during the height of her imperial lustre, condescended to guard her supremacy by promoting intestine feuds among the barbarians who prowled upon her borders: even so the nations of Modern Europe have found that a similar policy has sprung up among them instinctively, to replace the dangerous alternations which threatened Europe in the sixteenth century with a Spanish supremacy, in the seventeenth with an Austrian supremacy, in the eighteenth with a French su-

premacy. Even now the policy is more apparent and more necessary, perhaps, than it ever was before, when the great empire of the North still looms over the old states of Europe, as Macedonia loomed over those of Ancient Greece. But it may be questioned whether such a policy can be called strictly a balance of power; since it seems now, and has always seemed, to resemble not so much an equilibrium of different states, some more, some less powerful, combined against one which is individually equal to all the others collectively.

The author of *The State Policy of Modern Europe* points out historically and with sufficient clearness all the great transitions of European empire from one country to another. He begins with Charles V.; he passes through the war of Philip II. and the Netherlands to those of the French League and the Huguenots and Roman Catholics. He points out how the anarchy of the Thirty Years' War prepared the way for the rise of France on the exhaustion of Germany. Then comes the Protestant reaction against Louis XIV., and the prominent position assumed by England in the affairs of Europe after the fortunate expulsion of the Stuarts. Connected with this event is the War of the Spanish Succession, which established, by the hand of Marlborough, the empire of the Protestant cause, and completed the humiliation of Louis. The eighteenth century saw England nearly single-handed in arms against most of the other European powers; and new dangers arose, which threatened the whole of the civilised world. It was not so much the great revolution which was maturing that can be considered to men of our time as the significant event of the eighteenth century, as the silent and scarcely-perceived egress of Russia from isolated barbarism into the congress of nations. But no apparent junction could be more unreal or fallacious. Long before the eighteenth century had terminated in revolution, and while all eyes were fixed on the pressing politics of France, keen English statesmen saw in the partition of Poland, in the abortive wars of Frederic the Great, and even in the sunny smiles of Catharine II., the infallible signs and harbingers of events which have ripened during the last few years. Out of these signs the policy of modern Europe, as it continues to this hour, has been formed. Sanguinary wars intervened before the right hands of France and England were clasped in each other to withstand the one overwhelming incubus which their joint efforts have but just succeeded in repelling. Out of the national rivalry of centuries, founded on the mysterious differences of race and blood, has been formed that staunch unity which only similar

interests can cement. While those interests remain, as it is probable they must remain the same, there can be little doubt that that unity will remain unbroken, and that it will draw into its focus—as it has already drawn, more or less—all other European powers whose interests are manifestly identical.

The dark side to the hopefulness afforded by such a picture consists in the singular inconsistency and apparent incompatibility of the institutions and governments of the allied nations. Undoubtedly all have an equal interest in resisting Russian aggression, and in preserving the balance of power, at least, at the somewhat unsatisfactory point at which it has been fixed by countries which have recognised the partition of Poland and connived at the extinction of Hungary. The immediate effect of this passive conduct has been manifestly to approximate Austria to Russia, and to throw a powerful preponderance into the hands of the latter power, by striking from the map of Europe two independent nations, which would have continued to form, as they had long formed, a barrier against all aggression from the North and East of Europe. At present a race of languid serfs has supplanted the men who drove back the Turk and dethroned the Czar. Fear, interest, neighbourhood, and similar institutions, in spite of existing grudges, may ultimately reconcile the Austrian and the Russian. Little may then be required to bridge over the passage from Germany to France; and, even if France should resist the contagion of absolute empires, the proximity of customs and character may combine with internal causes to induce her to give a careless assent to policy which resembles that which her own has been. In the mean time it is obvious that, if such a contingency can be averted, it can be only by preventing her latent indifference from becoming a chronic complaint, and especially by the resuscitation of the great German powers. The national life of England is still healthy and whole: that of France, with a tendency to degenerate, has yet marked capabilities of resurrection. The minor powers, Spain, Portugal, Sardinia, Turkey, are favourably open to serviceable co-operation. Only in Germany are the heart and soul of the people torpid or dead. Prussia may be cited as an exception; but even Prussia of late has shared in the great Germanic disease of lethargy, and her vicinity to Russia and vacillations in the late war have sunk her in the eyes of Europe. But henceforward, as our foreign policy is incalculably superior in importance to our home policy—since our station as a mercantile nation must depend mainly on the continuance of the present relative position of European powers (unless we are to hold, as it might perhaps be held rightly, that we have already endured too much for our own safety in allowing Poland and Hungary to meet the fate which has been barely averted from Turkey)—the centre of European policy is, and must long be, in the position and action of the Germanic states; and that diplomatist will indeed deserve well of Europe, and of England in particular, who shall succeed in winning over Germany from its Russian predilections to the cause and interests of Western Europe.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Walton's Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir H. Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson.* London: H. Washbourne and Co. 1857.

This new edition of a charming book is very welcome, and we hope that those who have hitherto only known Walton for his masterpiece on angling will now become acquainted with his not less excellent, though altogether different work on the lives of his contemporaries. The lives of the eloquent and pious Donne, the "judicious Hooker," the accomplished Wotton, the scholarly Herbert, and that learned divine, Dr. Robert Sanderson, are here told in the fresh, simple, and vigorous style for which Walton stands so justly conspicuous among the purest writers of the Elizabethan age. The editor, Mr. William Dowling, has prefixed an entertaining and well-written memoir of Walton himself, and, so far as type, paper, and illustrations go, this is an desirable a little volume as we have met with for some time past.

*Handel: his Life, Personal and Professional, with Thoughts on Sacred Music: a Sketch.* By Mrs. BRAY. London: Ward and Co. 1857.

It is quite true, as the authoress admits upon the title-page, that this is only a sketch; but a sketch, to be worth anything, should be complete as far as it

goes, and truthful. Mrs. Bray's production is neither. It is a compilation of materials derived from the old sources, wherein nothing has been verified, and all the old errors have been adopted with the greatest credulity. The common error of a year in the date of Handel's birth is persevered in; the old fiction about the production and failure of "The Messiah" in London, before its appearance in Dublin, is adopted; mistakes and misstatements of a similar nature may be marked everywhere in the volume. Although this little duodecimo contains something under a hundred pages, one-third of it is occupied by Mrs. Bray's "Thoughts on Sacred Music," and reminiscences of the Handel Festival at Westminster Abbey in 1834. How little is left for Handel, his long laborious life, and his numerous works, may be easily calculated; add to this, that scarcely a statement is to be relied upon, and the value of the book for purposes of reference will be readily ascertained.

#### RELIGION.

*Christianity and our Era.* By GEO. GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1857.

MR. GILFILLAN'S latest work is worthy of his reputation. It is impossible not to admire the earnestness with which he advocates his views, the candour with which he meets his adversaries, the eloquence which animates his pages. But we are bound to say that we cannot concur in the general tendency of his argument. To state the result briefly, Mr. Gilfillan is of opinion that the moral and religious state of the world is such that nothing but an immediate and supernatural interference of Providence can restore vitality to the Christian faith. He sees on all sides doubt and perplexity, physical evil and moral evil, a chaos to which none but God himself can restore order. He recognises the solution in a proximate Millennium, and the personal reign of Christ on earth. We need not stop to discuss the Scriptural authority for this doctrine: the subject is scarcely adapted to these columns. But we may observe, in passing, that the view of a Millennium, as understood by Mr. Gilfillan, is held by a very small minority of the Christian community; and that, in the opinion of nearly all who are in a position to decide, the intimations of St. John are too vague to admit of any dogmatic interpretation. The greater part, however, of Mr. Gilfillan's volume argues on other grounds the probability and even the necessity of a supernatural interference. We shall endeavour to place before our readers a summary of the general argument, and our reasons for differing from some of the conclusions.

In the first place, then, there is subject for serious alarm in the diminished influence of Christianity. Even amongst those who profess themselves defenders of the faith, the miracles "which gathered round the cradle of Christianity, and which are indissolubly connected with its vital principles," are ignored or explained away. Beyond the pale of the Church, not only is it disputed whether Christ ever lived at all, but the very existence of God himself is called in question. The Bible "suffers from the analysis, the coldness, and uncertainty of the age." The formularies of the Church are without meaning, and if clergymen read the Thirty-nine Articles before ordination, as a rule they take the earliest opportunity of forgetting them. The congregations of our churches attend more as a matter of fashion than of duty or privilege, and sermons are no longer obeyed, but criticised or ridiculed. If this is the aspect of Christianity at home, its aspect abroad is no less disheartening. Missionary enterprises, a protest against the scepticism and infidelity of the last century, have lost the charm of novelty. The enthusiasm which anticipated a speedy conversion of the world finds itself rebuked and humbled. So slow is the progress, that, at the present rate, no less than twenty thousand years must be spent in order to evangelise the world.

Moreover, the "attitude of Christianity in reference to the principal energies at work in the age" is hostile and irreconcilable. Science, literature, philosophy, all breathe a spirit different to the spirit of Christianity. The Mosaic accounts of the Creation and the Deluge are but single instances in which Science and the Bible find themselves at issue. Science demands "an evidence which Christianity does not profess to be able to give. It asserts certain claims which Christianity denies, and denies certain claims which Christianity asserts." Science would begin with a careful examination of facts, and end with a rational belief. Christianity would have us begin with faith, and then only advance to knowledge.

The literature, too, of the day, is leavened with infidelity. "Unwilling to accept Christianity as a whole, unaware of its peculiar and commanding claims, yet equally unable to hate or disbelieve it in mass, writers of the present day often take so much of it as suits themselves, separating, perhaps, the doctrine of God's love from that of his justice, or that of Christ's perfect humanity from that of his supreme Godhead, or the spirit of our religion from its facts, attempting thus to build up a form of faith for themselves, and baptising it with mystic names." And this prejudice of literary men is strengthened by the contempt which many of the clergy entertain for literature. If profane learning is held to be inconsistent with the gift of divine grace, no wonder literature proves rebellious and subversive. Nor is the position of philosophy more satisfactory. The disciples of Hegel, Comte, and Carlyle alike agree in denying the authority of Scripture. No one, since the days of Coleridge, has followed up the task which he attempted, but only vaguely foreshadowed, of reconciling Christianity and philosophy. On all sides there is open disbelief or worse indifference.

Unless placed in an exceptional position, no one, we think, will deny that this picture is highly coloured. So far is the spirit of Christianity from being dead, that its influence was never more vigorous and active. Scarcely a week passes but we have evidence of that resolute spirit, which, deriving its strength from the Bible, sets on foot and carries out schemes of charity and humanity—schemes which, though they may sometimes fail, yet, in the majority of cases, are neither rash in their origin nor abortive in their result—by which ignorance is won to knowledge, idleness to industry, immorality to virtue, men without God in the world to a conviction and appreciation of the truth. Nor is it just to represent the clergy of the Church of England, or of any denomination, as careless and lukewarm. In this, as in every other station of life, there are insincere professors and idle workmen. But no one can doubt that the genuine spirit of Christianity actuates the immense majority. In the hotbeds of London disease and crime, in crowded manufacturing towns, in ignorant villages, they are equally at work, raising churches, building schools, warring slowly but successfully with social and moral evil. That they are not the bigoted partisans of text-books, and that they would interpret the formularies of the Church liberally and charitably, is not to be imputed to their blame. It is possible to object to the Athanasian creed, or the Commination, or the service which celebrates in one breath the preservation of King James and the advent of William of Orange, without forfeiting the title of Christian. Nor even in Biblical interpretation would we welcome "that awful reverence which made even the chronologies and naked names of Scripture hallowed and sublime." It can surely be no sin to apply to the Bible the same rules of criticism which have proved successful in other studies; and Mr. Gilfillan would scarcely admit that its authority can be shaken by a more accurate appreciation of its chronology and history. But it is said that the ministers of religion no longer exercise the same influence as before by their doctrine and preaching. "John Howe could preach six hours to unweary throngs; twenty years ago Edward Irving could protract his speech till midnight; but now a sermon of three quarters of an hour, even from eloquent lips, is thought sufficiently exhaustive, both of the subject and of the audience." There is some truth in this; but the defect is not a defect of Christianity—it is a defect of its ministers. It is impossible to deny that a large section of the clergy are but little versed in literature, and that their influence is proportionately diminished. There is a mean in all things; and it is surely practicable, without labouring for effect, to urge the truths of religion, and win conviction by a more refined style and a more earnest manner than are now generally prevalent. A similar cause accounts for the comparative failure of missionary enterprise. If the clergy at home receive, on the whole, too little instruction, and train themselves too carelessly for the exercise of their calling, the pioneers of Christianity abroad are still less ably equipped for their peculiar task. The missionaries, who make a faint impression on the common people of India and China, are as little capable of influencing the minds of a cultivated Brahmin or Mandarin as a fakir or a bonze would be able to convert an educated Englishman.

Mr. Gilfillan would have us believe that the differences between Christianity on the one hand and science, literature, and philosophy on the other hand, are irreconcilable. Scientific men of eminence, he observes, are rarely believers; and, "if a Christian passes through a course of scientific training unharmed, he is regarded as a marked and memorable man." But what evidence is there of this general disbelief? Certainly the works of Herschel, Sedgwick, Whewell, Faraday, Owen, contain no traces of this scoffing and unbelieving spirit. On the contrary, the spirit of reverence and religious feeling is one of their most prominent characteristics. In literature the case may be somewhat different. Unquestionably a large proportion of recent literature has been undecided in religion, or even openly sceptical; but it should candidly be confessed that, with the exception of one or two names, such as Carlyle, Newman, Lewes, this tendency has chiefly been manifested in an inferior class of writers. At most, it may be asserted that Christianity does not always occupy the foremost place in the most eminent writings of the present day. But, after all, it would be unreasonable to expect Macaulay or Grote to interrupt the course of their narratives, in order to impress upon their readers their belief in the Christian doctrines. It is safer to suppose that those historians take this belief for granted, than that they designedly ignore Christianity. Nor is it just to assert the universal infidelity of poets, when foremost in place stands the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, the noblest Christian poem since the days of Milton.

The second part, if we may so term it, of Mr. Gilfillan's work is employed in proving the insufficiency of all proposed schemes to take the place of Christianity; and here we are happy to find ourselves in accordance with him. In the various schemes which have been proposed as substitutes, there are certain general characteristics which we may at once briefly state. Unbelievers, as a class, have studied Christianity with too little care and attention. Few can even read the Bible in the original tongues; and their arguments show a singular want of appreciation of the times and manners with which it is concerned. Moreover, the spirit in which they discuss its doctrines too often displays a perverse animus and predetermined judgment. From the abuses of Christianity they argue against Christianity itself; nor can they come to any definite agreement in their views of the religion which they denounce. "Some attack its facts while accepting many of its doctrines; others are disposed to admit some of its supernatural facts if you allow them their own explanation of them; others, while rejecting both facts and doctrine, admit its morality to be, in a very peculiar sense, excellent; others, again, assail its morality and calumniate the character of its founder." But there is another point which is in reality subversive of all their theories. They assume far too readily the language and doctrine of Scripture, as if they were common property; and lay claim to ideas and terminology which would have no existence independent of the religion, the authority of which they dispute.

Mr. Gilfillan divides the various schemes which infidelity proposes to substitute for Christianity into Atheism or Materialism, Pantheism, Deism, Positivism, and the schemes of Carlyle and Newman. In discussing the different claims of these systems he is generally just, and invariably candid. We shall give a specimen or two, which may at once illustrate his style and method of treatment.

#### Of Atheism or Materialism he says:

Look what work Materialism gives its votaries to do in comparison to the work of Christianity! It is the work, to take it at its best, of making themselves and others as happy, as wise, and as virtuous as they can be by their own unaided exertions, in a universe where misery, according to them, is established by a law; where, at any rate, speculation and science are only making the darkness visible; where much wisdom is much grief, and where the code of morals, apart from revelation, is perpetually fluctuating, being now identified with custom, now with constitution, and now with expediency—a work consequently uncertain, uncheered, and apt to be interrupted, at one time by the temptations of vice, and at another by the advent of despair. The results are just what might have been expected. . . . You track its steps by the smoking ruins of St. Simonianisms, New Lanark Establishments, and the legalised Atheisms of revolutionary France—all of which began with bright prospects, but ended in quick overthrow; and this because they were of the "earth, earthly," and wanted the cement of Christianity."

#### Of M. Comte's scheme of Positivism:

The Positivist believes that there may be a God or may not, according to circumstances, and that till the discoveries of the next 10,000 or 20,000 years have cast a little more light on the subject, he thinks it best and safest for man to suspend his judgment. He thinks that, if there be a God, it is very likely that he is tolerably benevolent, and yet it is very likely, too, that he is a demon; and till he has further evidence on the subject, he would rather pass the question. As to man's soul, the probabilities are on the whole decidedly against the existence of such a strange, unseen, abnormal substance; he is inclined to think that the doctrine of souls will follow the belief in ghosts into limbo. . . . As to Christianity, he would be compelled, were he a jurymen on its trial, between the forces of external and internal evidences, to say "Probably proven;" but then how shocking to all the principles of induction those curious doctrines connected with it—the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Divinity of Christ! As to miracles, there seems also strong evidence in favour of some of them; but how singular that none have been wrought since the era of the Baconian philosophy: now, he suspects, Mr. Lewis, in his *Leader*, would make short work with any new pretensions of the kind.

The above extract is not altogether unjust; but, *persiflage* apart, there are some solid merits in Positivism which Mr. Gilfillan does not fairly recognise. It is surely no mean service to philosophy to revive the teaching of Socrates, and denounce the presumption which would dogmatise on subjects of which we know nothing. If the Positivists perform no other service than that of persuading men to confine themselves within "the limits of the knowable," they will have effected the greatest reform in philosophy since the days of Bacon.

A large section is devoted to considering the system of Carlyle. But we are rather inclined to think, that to treat the theories of Carlyle as a system is to misconceive their object. The merit of Carlyle consists in having exploded various "shams and unrealities" which haunted the world. His task is one of demolition rather than of construction. If there is a positive side to his philosophy, it lies in the earnest enunciation of the truth that every man has a work to do, and that that work must be done. That he treats Christianity as a delusion is true enough. But we must not lose sight of the real benefits which he has conferred upon us.

We have no space left to examining the chapter which treats of "the debatable land between Christianity and Naturalism." With the greater part of the argument we concur. But we think Mr. Gilfillan is too harsh in his treatment of Mr. Maurice. We pass on to consider the conclusions which Mr. Gilfillan draws from his premises. Having asserted that Christianity, in its present form, is unable to cope with the necessities of the age, and having proved that neither its open enemies nor its questionable allies have any adequate substitute to offer, he concludes, by process of exhaustion, that nothing remains but a direct interposition of Providence. He demonstrates on Scriptural authority, and from the general probabilities of the case, that this interposition is, in all likelihood, both imminent and supernatural, and that it will be accomplished by the personal reign of Christ on earth. With the Scriptural authority we have nothing to do. But we must say a few words on the other phase of the argument. The first position is assumed by analogy. God has acted by sudden and supernatural agency in previous cases of necessity, as in the Deluge and destruction of Sodom, and so he may again. Moreover, there is at this moment a "nodus really vindice dignus." On all sides there is deep perplexity, or worse, despair. In politics there are no recognised parties, no definite objects. In science the results are without fruit. New stars are discovered, but no one knows "if these stars are inhabited, or what is the moral condition of their inhabitants." In chemistry and medicine "various sects are jangling, endless controversies are raging." In religion the very existence of God is disputed. Was Christ a myth? and, if so, to what extent? Is there an intermediate state? is punishment to be eternal? is there to be a resurrection of the body? Then, on all sides, we see nothing but knavery and delusion, vice and misery, moral and physical wrong, which natural causes seem unable to remove. Lastly, there is the same universal expectation in the minds of all which heralded the First Advent.

In this sketch we trust we have done Mr. Gilfillan no injustice. But we must venture to differ from this pessimist view of human affairs. Most men are agreed, and we think rightly, that on

the whole no previous age has known a toleration so liberal, a charity so extensive. And if the present age is superior in all that constitutes the moral happiness of man—if sectarianism is less bitter, and the Church less inclined to persecute its opponents—we see strong reason to hope that what remains of intolerance may yet be swept away, and that difference of creed may at last cease to be any cause of dissension in political or social relations. In physical comfort there can be no doubt that we are vastly in advance of previous times. And if we hear much of those numerous series of disease which still fester in the crowded centres of society, the reason is, that science and humanity are more actively engaged in rooting them out. Certainly, on the whole, there is no reason to despair of mankind. Isolated instances of extraordinary crime, or misery, or oppression, no doubt are still to be found, and will still continue to be found. But social comfort, honesty, and virtue, consideration for the rights of others, high sense of moral duty—all these are, beyond question, more generally diffused than in any former age. Christianity is not without power to do what remains to be done; and the healthy view of human affairs is hopeful and not despairing. The great danger to be feared is, that in the daily augmentation of science human knowledge may be puffed up, and arrogantly presume to judge of all, when only a few secrets have been wrung from nature. Knowledge must increase; but with it should come the humble-minded wisdom which looks on every new discovery as a mere "pebble, gathered from the shores of the great ocean of truth."

Let knowledge grow from more to more:  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul agreeing well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.

In conclusion, whilst we have felt it a duty to state our objections to the general scope of Mr. Gilfillan's argument, it is but an act of justice to bear witness to the liberal tone which characterises his work, to the abundant topics for reflection which it suggests, and especially to the masterly analysis which is given of the various forms of infidelity and scepticism. The chapters which deal with the latter subject are sufficient in themselves to give a permanent value to the volume.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A FEW months since we very strongly recommended an edition of *The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in the original Greek: with Notes by CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster* (London: Rivingtons). At that time Part I. only, containing the Four Gospels, was published; but the second part, containing the Acts of the Apostles, has now made its appearance. In this new part the notes are quite as elaborate and satisfactory as those in the former; and the text is preceded by a copious introduction, in which the author's learning and judgment are both clearly seen. There is also a chronological synopsis of the events related in the Acts of the Apostles, founded upon the most approved chronologists, English and foreign. From the introduction we shall quote one or two brief passages. After establishing the fact that St. Luke was the author of the book entitled "Acts of the Apostles," Dr. Wordsworth proceeds to inquire what was its plan or design. "St. Luke," he says, "has written one work, consisting of two parts; the former his Gospel, the latter the Acts of the Apostles. The connection of these two parts is marked by the commencement of the latter with a reference to the former, and by the inscription of both to one person. The latter opens thus: 'The former treatise I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began, both to do and to teach, until the day in which he was taken up.' Let us remark, also, that in his latter treatise, the Acts, he resumes the subject at the point where, in the former, the Gospel, he had left it; that is, with a description of Christ's ascension into heaven. Therefore it appears, from the Acts, that in his former treatise, the Gospel, St. Luke had professed to give an account only of what Jesus began to do and to teach, while he was in person upon earth. But now, in his second treatise, the Acts of the Apostles, he has a higher and ampler subject before him. In this book, the sequel of his Gospel, he, being inspired by the Holy Ghost, comes forward and reveals to the world, what the same Jesus, having ascended into Heaven, and being exalted to the right hand of God, and there sitting in glory, continues to do and to teach, not within the narrow confines of Palestine, or during the few years of an earthly ministry, but in Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth, by the instrumentality of Apostles and Apostolic men, and Apostolic Churches, in all ages of the world; and what he will ever continue to do and to teach, from

*Heaven, even till he comes again in glory to judge both the quick and dead.*" In p. ix. we meet with the following brief sketch of the triumphant progress of Christianity:—"Hence the kingdom of Christ, which was commenced by his ministry upon earth, is now continued, extended, and amplified. The four Gospels are the beginnings of its history: they reveal the day-spring from on high, and the orient gleams of the Sun of righteousness. But in the Acts of the Apostles we behold that sun in his strength, shining in noon-day splendour. After his exaltation in glory, and after the bestowal of the Holy Ghost, the number of the names of the disciples at Jerusalem, which had been before a mere handful, a hundred and twenty, is now counted by thousands. We see the Christian Church extending herself from the upper room on Mount Zion, in a gradually growing circle, till she embraces within her range 'devout men from every nation under heaven.' She enfolds Samaria by the agency of Philip the Deacon, and of Peter and John. Christ preaches by Philip in the wilderness of Gaza, and the Morians' land stretches out her hands unto God. He passes towards Ashdod: 'Philistia is glad of him.' Behold the Philistines and they of Tyre with the Morians, lo! there is he born!—born by the new birth of the word and Sacraments. By the preaching of Peter he gathers in the Gentiles at Cesarea; by the ministry of Paul he plants the Gospel at Antioch; he encounters the Evil One in various forms—of obstinate obduracy in Jewish Synagogues; of Pagan idolatry at Lystra and Ephesus; of sorcery, divination, and witchcraft at Samaria, Paphos, and Phillipi; of sceptical philosophy and intellectual pride at Athens and Corinth;—and at length in his triumphant march, as a crowning consummation of his conquests, and an earnest of universal victory, he plants the cross in the imperial city of the Caesars, the heathen capital of the world, by the hands of him,—who had formerly been the fiercest persecutor of the Church, and afterwards was its most zealous champion, and courageous confessor and martyr, St. Paul."

Dr. Davidson's long-expected justification of himself from the charges of heresy, &c., brought against him in connection with the new edition of Horne's "Introduction," has at last made its appearance. It is entitled, *Facts, Statements, and Explanations connected with the publication of the second volume of the tenth edition of Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, entitled "The Text of the Old Testament considered," &c. &c.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. (London: Longmans.)—Dr. Davidson here enters fully into the several charges brought against him, especially those by Dr. Tregelles, while he merely enumerates those of the *Record* newspaper. These, as some of our readers may be aware, who are in the habit of reading the *Record*—that champion of Low-Church orthodoxy—are exceedingly trenchant. They are twenty-three in number, of which we give the following as a specimen:—"Sound doctrine is to him distasteful, but all shades of heresy find favour in his eyes." "The volume is nothing more than a German Neologian or Rationalistic perversion of the Old Testament Scriptures, in an English garb." "It will excite no surprise that Dr. Davidson's book should be unsound also in the great fundamental doctrine of the Trinity." "He speaks in most irreverent terms of the Bible altogether." This is the sort of criticism to which Dr. Davidson has been subjected by the *Record*, or, as we once heard it not inappropriately designated, the "Low-Church Bully." Dr. Davidson observes of it: "I trust that the many good and laborious men who are Low Church do not sympathise in the spirit of the *Record*. Has not the newspaper in question vilified the ablest and best men in the Church of England? Has it not written against Arnold, Hare, A. P. Stanley, W. J. Conybeare, H. Alford, and others of like standing, as holding unsound or lax views respecting the authority and inspiration of Holy Scripture? As if it possessed a sort of infallibility, every one who does not agree with its standard is held up to vituperation. . . . Of course it betrays gross ignorance of theological literature. Indeed, learning could not live in such an atmosphere." It was too much, therefore, for the author to expect anything like fair treatment in such a quarter. But with Dr. Tregelles it was different. He, it might be supposed, would sympathise with the learned brother, and shield him from attacks like those of the *Record* instead of contributing matter to be used against him. Dr. Davidson, however, makes it appear that the secret of his co-editor's hostility lies in the fact that Dr. Davidson rejects, in common with all scholars and critics, the theory of verbal inspiration which Dr. Tregelles upholds. But Mr. Horne himself not only is opposed to verbal inspiration, but, says Davidson, "he gives a definition of inspiration substantially the same as mine: 'Such a degree of Divine assistance, influence, or guidance, as should enable the authors of the Scriptures to communicate religious knowledge to others, without error or mistake.' Here it will be observed that inspiration is made to refer to the communication of religious knowledge. If I understand this right, it is equivalent to my phrase, *religious and moral truth*. Should Mr. Horne hold the absolute infallibility of every little thing recorded in the Bible, why does he limit inspiration to *religious know-*

*ledge?* Is it not plain that he means to confine inspiration, by the use of such a phrase, to the proper subject-matter of Divine revelation, excluding natural science, archaeology, &c., &c. Dr. Davidson quotes further from Mr. Horne certain passages against which Dr. Tregelles is bound to take exception, from his point of view, quite as much as he does against those of Davidson. But Mr. Horne he leaves untouched, while he pours out the vials of his wrath upon Dr. Davidson. The *rationale* of this we do not quite understand. We should be happy here to state fully what Dr. Davidson's views are upon the subject of inspiration, but we have not space to do so. All we can say of them is, that they are very far indeed from answering to the description given of them by the *Record*, and correspond in many respects with those of the most distinguished men not only of our own but of other Churches. The catena upon this subject, furnished by Dr. Davidson, forms not the least interesting portion of his pamphlet.

Two new publications upon the Apocalypse are lying before us; but really we can do no more than chronicle their appearance, so tired are we of the many crude speculations upon the subject. The first is entitled *Israel in the Apocalypse; or, an Examination of the Revelation, with a view to discover in Israel and her enemies the Key to its Interpretation.* By the Rev. GEORGE ERVING WINSLOW, M.D., &c. (London: Partridge and Co.). The sec'd is *The Nature and Purpose of God as Revealed in the Apocalypse.* (Edinburgh: no name of publisher.) The title of Dr. Winslow's work explains the nature of its contents to some extent—which is not the case with the anonymous Scotch publication. The author of this insists that there should be "at the very threshold of investigation a preliminary inquiry into the nature as well as the purpose of God; and also into the relationship subsisting between Him and His Son Jesus Christ. It is as if God had said, 'Though the knowledge of myself personally a man can alone acquire a knowledge of my purpose as revealed symbolically. The mystery of my nature is the source of the mystery of my purpose, and the illustration of the one is the only avenue of access to the illustration of the other.' Much, therefore, of the misapprehension which has hitherto prevailed upon this subject may be traced to men's contracted and ill-defined views of the nature of God; and all efforts to interpret the revelation of God's purpose must prove unavailing, until preceded by a true, though finite, knowledge of his nature." The first three chapters are accordingly devoted to this inquiry. Both works, we must add, are written in a spirit of becoming reverence, and are not disfigured by those presumptuous and startling hypotheses which we have had so frequently to notice in similar publications.

*Quiet Hours.* By the Rev. JOHN PULSFORD. 2nd Edition. (Edinburgh: Jack.) Upon taking up this volume, and reading a few sentences, we thought that we had stumbled upon a reprint of some seventeenth century divine—so quaint and full of meaning are all its utterances. We are happy to perceive, however, that the author is one of us—*non abit ad plures.* The subjects of which it treats are of the highest importance, and the author's mode of treating them—often in short sentences—makes it just the sort of book that we should recommend to lie on the table, for people to take up in any mood of mind; being certain that, even in five minutes, open it where they may, they will derive instruction from its pages. Its principal feature is its suggestiveness—each thought, while complete in itself, being so expressed as to rouse up a hundred that are next akin to it.

Of sermons we have the following:—*Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. Third Series (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.); *The City and its Sorrows: being a Series of Sermons from Luke xix. 41.* By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black); *Mental Culture required for Christian Ministers: a Sermon.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D. Archbishop of Dublin (London: Bentley); and *Christian Missions: their Divinity, Necessity, Past History, and Future Prospects: a Sermon.* By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN (Edinburgh: Hogg).—Mr. Robertson's extraordinary popularity as a preacher is fully accounted for by the publication of these three series of his sermons, of which we are told, "for the most part, they are recollections of sermons, written out the day after delivery, at the urgent desire of some friends who were at a distance." They were not even written by himself before they were preached. "They are, therefore, necessarily much less complete than they would have been had he prepared them for public circulation." Notwithstanding this drawback, so successful has been the publication, that the first series has already reached a fourth edition, and the second series a third edition, in less than twelve months. Upon the appearance of the first series, we pointed out some of the excellencies of Mr. Robertson's discourses, and it will be sufficient for us now to add that the new volume is fully equal in every respect to its predecessors. It is accompanied by an engraving from a bust of the lamented author, sculptured after his death.—Dr. Guthrie's sermons present the most eloquent exposition we recollect to have anywhere read, of the vices of great towns, and of the miseries consequent thereon.

He calls upon all Christian men to be up and doing, to provide a remedy against them. Intemperance is, of course, the fruitful parent of almost all the rest; but whether the Doctor's remedy of shutting up all the public-houses by legislative enactment would be successful is, we think, very much open to doubt.—Of good Archbishop Whately's sermon all we need say is, that we wish it may find its way into the hands of every clergyman.—Mr. Gilfillan's sermon is thoroughly earnest, and contains many passages of rare eloquence.

We have also received the following:—*Catechetical Instruction; or, Questions on the Collects of the Liturgy, &c.* By the Rev. W. Hodgson (Penrith: Brown).—*Pencil; or the Angel wrestling and Jacob prevailing.* By the Rev. J. Dennis, M.A. (London: Wertheim and Macintosh).—*History of a Sunday.* By the Author of "Time and Faith" (London: Groombridge and Sons).

The *Churchman's Magazine* for June (London: Harrison)—contains the concluding paper of the series entitled "Bishop Bloomfield and his Times," besides other matters of interest.

## EDUCATION.

*Easy French Poetry for Beginners; or, Short Selections in Verse on a Graduated Plan for the Memory; with English Notes.* By C. J.

DEILLE. London: Whittaker and Co. 1857. The name of M. Delille upon the title-page of this little manual will recommend it favourably to the notice of that class of persons for whom it is intended. The plan here followed out is to make use of rhyme for the purpose of impressing words and phrases upon the memory. Verse is much more easily committed to memory than prose; and the quotations used for this purpose are made to serve a double object in teaching also the familiar composition of the language. Perhaps even a third purpose may be discerned, which is that the quotations are so various and are taken from such a great number of sources, that the collection presents a good general outline of the poetical branch of French literature. Thus we find examples of Boileau, Beranger, Benserade, Chenier, the two Corneilles, Crebillon, Chateaubriand, Casimir Delavigne, Florian, Gresset, La Fontaine, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Racine, Voltaire, and a great many more.

Satisfactory as the general plan of this little work may be, we must confess, even at the risk of differing from such an authority as M. Delille, that some of the philological notes at the foot of each page do not appear to us entirely convincing. We are not, for instance, disposed to admit at once that in the line from Boileau—

Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable.—the word *aimable* ought to be translated "lovely." Boileau would never have written anything so commonplace as "Nothing is beautiful but the true: Truth alone is lovely." Is not our word "amiable" a better translation of *aimable* than "lovely?" Still less can we admit (even as a free translation) our old friend "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" as a rendering of "Un Tiens vaut mieux que deux Tu l'auras." The former proverb is levelled against the habit of speculating, and means that a small certainty is better than a vague profit, though large; but the French proverb is simply this: "A gift is better than two promises."

In the notes to La Fontaine's fable, "L'Écrevisse et sa Fille," we should have been glad to find some satisfactory information respecting the true meaning of the word *écrevisse*, at present a very knotty point for French students. M. Delille's note, however, instead of unravelling the mystery, seems to complicate it, if possible, more than ever—"Écrevisse (German *Krebs*, or Saxon *krevn*), crawfish, crabfish." But the crawfish and the crabfish belong to quite different orders of crustacea; the one being, in fact, a fresh-water creature, and the other an inhabitant of the sea. The crawfish (of which *soupe à la bisque aux écrevisses* is made) is the *Astacus fluviatilis*, and is a sort of miniature fresh-water lobster; but the crab, or *Cancer pagurus*, is the creature which is erroneously said to walk backwards, and which is evidently the hero of the fable in question. Perhaps M. Delille can tell us what has become of the old word *craie*? It seems a pity that two very different things should be called by the same name.

In one of the notes, at page 49, M. Delille translates "Peste!" as "hoigh-ho." Would not "Confound it!" be nearer the mark? We put these points more for the sake of extracting information than of serious criticism.

A PROJECT is afoot to purchase the lease of Gnoll Castle, in the Vale of Neath, South Wales, and convert it into a college for conducting education on the most enlarged and enlightened plans, adapted to the wants, and keeping pace with the intelligence, of the age. To further this object a small volume has just been published, entitled *The Principles of Collegiate Education Discussed and Elucidated* (Stanford), in which the entire scheme has been described, and the system to be pursued set forth with ample explanations. It certainly promises well.

*The History of Henry the Fourth of France* has been pleasantly written for the use of schools, by Mr. Abbot. (Knight.)

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Bermuda: a Colony, a Fortress, and a Prison: or, Eighteen Months in the Somers' Islands.* With maps and illustrations. By a Field Officer. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Co. 1857. pp. 286.

We begin to think that the best authors of voyages and travels are soldiers and sailors. Not to mention the names of Capt. Marryatt, Basil Hall, Col. Keppell, Major Scarlett, Col. Hamley, and some dozen more whose reputation is well established in this department of literature, we have lately met with some excellent works of this description by writers who are content to announce themselves as officers in the army or navy, without further disclosures as to name, connections, or any other particulars.

The "Field Officer" whose entertaining book on Bermuda we have read with interest from first to last, claims for his subject the attention of all classes of his countrymen on three grounds: first, as a colony, the earliest in point of standing, the loveliest in scenery, and, on the whole, one of the most salubrious in climate; secondly, as a fortress, admirable from its position, and equally adapted to naval as well as military purposes of defence; and, lastly, as a prison devoted to the reception of some of the worst specimens of the convict class to be found in her Majesty's dominions.

We will take these three claims urged by our author, and examine them in the order in which he has classed them. First, then, let us say a few words with respect to the Bermudas considered as a colony. Though so limited in extent, these islands have from time to time been called indifferently "Bermuda," "The Bermudas," "The Somers' Islands," and "The Summer Islands"; the two first names from Juan Bermudez, the first discoverer; the two last from Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked on the coast in 1609. However, some few years before Sir George Somers thus made his first acquaintance with the islands to which his name was afterwards applied, another English mariner, one Henry May, was wrecked upon them, and on his return to England published a narrative of his misfortune under the title of "A Briefe Relation of the Shipwrecke of Henry May, 1593." He and his twenty-six companions, the only men saved out of a crew of fifty, were, through the carelessness and intoxication of the pilot of the French vessel in which they had embarked, cast on the north-west end of the Bermudas, where they remained for five months, living principally on turtles and the tops of the palmetto berries, and finally quitting the island in a vessel of their own construction on the 11th of May 1594.

The account given by Sir George Somers, who again visited the island in 1610, and shortly afterwards died there, induced the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earls of Devonshire, Pembroke, Warwick, and Southampton, Lord Paget, Sir Edwin Sands, and several others of the highest nobility in England and Scotland, to form a public company for colonising the Somers' Isles, as they were commonly called; and in 1612 King James the First, by letters patent dated March the 12th, granted them to this influential body of adventurers. The company when completed, numbered about 150 members. For the realisation of their hopes of profit they relied chiefly upon the exportation of ambergris and cedar-wood, and the cultivation of tobacco. But none of these speculations answered to the extent anticipated, and the company grew dissatisfied. A change of governors took place, and in lieu of the first sent out by the company, one Richard More, a carpenter by trade, they dispatched another in 1616, the famous "old Dan Tucker," who seems to have been a tolerably stern taskmaster. He immediately after his arrival set to work to establish a regular government, divided the

colony into tribes, made them begin clearing grounds, planting vines and other fruit-trees brought from England, and indeed enforced such very hard labour, that many attempted to escape to Virginia. But Mr. Daniel Tucker was not content with being governor alone. He constituted himself also supreme judge in the island, appointed bailiffs and other officers of justice, and held regular assizes, at the very first of which he hanged an unhappy Frenchman "for speaking many distasteful and mutinous speeches against the Governor." There is, indeed, a legend still extant that Providence, to punish old Dan for his cruelties, sent a plague of rats, which suddenly swarmed over the islands. In 1618 the company sent out a surveyor, by whom the land was accurately divided amongst their members. From one to ten shares were given to each "adventurer;" but a certain portion of the soil, including all St. George's Island, was set apart as Government property.

Dan Tucker's reign as Governor was not of long duration, and his place was filled in October 1619 by Captain Butler, who arrived with several hundreds of new colonists, and by him the first general assembly was called, and many highly creditable Acts passed. When, three years later, the new Governor returned to England, the islands were left in a greatly-improved condition, and the population had increased to 1500 souls; but to control them he had no easy task. There were frequent mutinies and expressions of discontent, and, as he himself says, he longed for a deliverance from his thankless and troublesome employment. The plain truth was that, while some few of the colonists were "gentlemen of good fashion," who brought with them their wives and families, the rest were of "such bad condition," to use the words of a writer of that period, "that it seemed as if the males had been picked out of Newgate and the females from Bridewell." However, there was such a scarcity of the fairer half of creation in the islands, that the ladies from Bridewell instantly rose to a premium in the matrimonial market, and were sought after with the greatest eagerness by the colonists, "who were so greedy of wives, that they would needs have them for better or worse." So the "ladies from Bridewell" speedily became wives and mothers, population flourished and increased, but not so the affairs of the company of adventurers. Before Charles the Second's reign was over they had discovered that the Bermudas were not the mines of endless wealth they had so fondly anticipated. In 1684 their charter ceased, and ever since that time the islands have been under the sole control of the English Government.

From this period, and indeed during the greater part of the eighteenth century, a cloud seemed to hang over the Bermudas. Incompetent or piratical governors, traitorous conspiracies amongst the colonists, invasions and reprisals, fill up the pages of the history of the islands. Indeed, until the governorship of Sir Stephen Chapman, there is nothing deserving of especial notice. But his departure occasioned a very important change in the local government of the place. In 1835 he left for the recovery of his health, intending to return to his duty as soon as his strength was sufficiently established. At that period the rule was that in the absence of the Governor the senior member of Council should act in his place. In this instance, however, that gentleman happened unfortunately to be so unpopular, that his colleagues actually petitioned the Governor not to appoint him. The boon was granted, and the second member was promoted to the chief authority in the island. But Sir Stephen Chapman received a lesson he did not speedily forget. By the next mail the English Government annulled his arbitrary decision, and on his return, in 1836, he brought with him a new order regarding future vacancies in the Governorship, by which the senior officer in command of the Queen's troops acts as governor during any vacancy which may occur in that post. This rule has ever since continued in force, although attended with some inconveniences, for it by no means follows that at the moment of the vacancy occurring the senior officer in command shall be a man qualified for the discharge of the supreme civil as well as military authority. The frequent transfer of this twofold authority from one person to another in the course of a very limited period is also obviously attended with many disadvantages. In 1853 the supreme civil and military authority passed through the hands of no less than half a

dozen field-officers. Surely an acting governor, once sworn in, should so remain until relieved by the arrival of the permanent governor. No government appears to have had a more salutary influence over Bermuda than that exercised by Colonel Reid from 1839 to 1846. During his seven years of authority the colony greatly improved in every respect, but more especially in agriculture, education, and local improvements—points that for some time had been greatly neglected. In our author's opinion the emancipation of the slaves has proved a great blow to the progress and improvement of agriculture. The demand for labour considerably exceeds the supply. It is difficult to induce the negro population to work as paid farm labourers. Now that they are freed, they are naturally averse to an employment which, even when in a state of slavery, they had been taught to regard as a degradation.

The expenses of the local government, including the civil list, are under 16,000*l.*, and of this the Home Government pays about 4500*l.*

The climate of Bermuda is in general beautiful and salubrious, and the fertility of the soil remarkable. Oats, Indian corn, potatoes, and all the ordinary English vegetables, grow with great rapidity, and attain unusual size and excellence. Two crops of them can in general be raised in the same year, and frequently of potatoes three crops can be raised in the same period. The Bermuda arrow-root is renowned throughout the world, and forms one of the principal articles of exportation. Potatoes, onions, and tomatoes are also largely exported. Oranges, melons, pomegranates, and figs are the fruits that flourish best; but bananas and some other West Indian fruits do not appear to thrive in the island. Population has latterly greatly increased, and at the present time, exclusive of the military and the convict class, amounts to something like 12,000. As far back as the time when Bishop Berkeley wrote, he observed that the Bermudians were very excellent shipwrights and sailors, and had a great number of very good sloops. This reputation they have still preserved, and in 1853 turned out of their yards two splendid barques—the Pearl and the Koh-i-noor—that, for speed and symmetry, were the admiration of all who saw them.

Bermuda is ruled by a Governor, a Council, and a House of Assembly, elected every seven years. We quote a passage from our author's book, giving some of the statistics on this point.

The Governor has not much power beyond a *veto*, which is very seldom exercised. He has scarcely any patronage; but his moral influence, as was proved in the case of Governor Reid, may nevertheless be very great. The Council, which acts in two distinct capacities, legislative and executive (in the latter case under the presidency of the Governor), is limited to twelve members. When the number is reduced to seven, the Governor fills up the vacancies, pending the approval of the Home Government. The House of Assembly consists of thirty-six members, four being returned for each of the nine parishes into which Bermuda is divided. The qualification of a member is 240*l.* real estate; that of an elector 60*l.* It used to be 30*l.*, but was doubled in 1834, to prevent a too sudden acquisition of power by the coloured population at their emancipation. This is the only change which has taken place for a century and a half in the constitution of Bermuda; and it certainly was no reform in the ordinary sense of the word. No person can be returned for any parish in which he has not the legal amount of real estate. Some thirty inhabited parishes, therefore, have a very limited choice of representatives: (p. 83.)

So much then for Bermuda as a *colony*. We have now to consider it in the character of a *fortress*. Our author, who seems to have had much military experience in many parts of the world, contends that, if there is any colony in which the concentration of executive power is especially necessary, that colony is Bermuda. At present there are three nearly independent authorities—a Colonel, who is civil Governor; a Colonel, who commands the troops; and an Admiral, who is in fact Governor of Ireland Island, including the dockyard—a division of power and frittering away of responsibility which the "Field Officer" says is the death-blow, not only to all "enterprises of great pith and moment," but to all good government. The defences of the island certainly appear to be in a very unsatisfactory condition. At present there are but 200 guns of insufficient calibre, where at the least there ought to be 1000 pieces of artillery, and military roads for moveable batteries are wholly wanting. Indeed, at the present moment the safety of the island depends on the presence of a fleet. The greatest difficulty in defending

Bermuda for any length of time would be the provisioning of the garrison when the American markets were closed; for all the cattle and sheep are brought from the United States, and the climate makes it very difficult to preserve salted meat for more than a year. Corn, too, is but little grown in the islands; and to place them on a military scale of efficiency, it is indispensable that the growth of the "staff of life" should be (if not made compulsory, as it was 200 years ago) at all events protected and encouraged. Our author, however, readily admits that without a decided superiority at sea it would be scarcely possible for us to preserve Bermuda for any length of time; and if our maritime superiority be essential to our permanent possession of the Bermudas, it is no less true that that permanent possession is indispensable to our maritime superiority in the western hemisphere. If the United States ever should gain possession of these favoured islands, then farewell to all our power and influence in the new world! A spot more admirably adapted for assembling an army, and dispatching it to any part of the Continent with ease, secrecy, and expedition, it would be scarcely possible to imagine. That Bermuda has not at present adequate defences is a fact that seems, from the work before us, satisfactorily established. But the remedy is one that can be readily applied, and certainly ought not to be neglected. Another circumstance ought to be remembered, which, necessarily, in the event of any war with the United States occurring (which Heaven forbid!) would be a source of great weakness to us, and that is, that the *convict class* now constitutes one eighth of the entire population.

This last observation brings us naturally to the third and concluding aspect under which we have to regard Bermuda—as a *prison*. A very considerable portion of the "Field Officer's" volume is taken up with the consideration of this most important topic, and the various points in connection with it are treated with great *acumen*, and discussed with ability, moderation, and good sense. The convict establishment at Bermuda is under the authority of the Governor as superintendent; but under him there is a deputy-superintendent, who is assisted by three overseers and forty warders.

The number of prisoners continually fluctuates; and, as those who have fulfilled their term of banishment return to England, fresh batches of convicts supply their places. Since 1853 the number has averaged 1200. They are employed in excavating and blasting the rocks and building storehouses as their heaviest work, while the less laborious occupations consist in cleaning up the hulks, attending the hospitals, and acting as servants to the overseers and warders. Nine hours of labour in summer and eight in winter form the actual *maximum of work*, and chains are never used except as a temporary measure in cases of mutiny or repeated attempts to escape. The diet consists of 1 lb. of meat, 1 lb. 1 oz. of bread, and half a gill of rum; and the best medical and clerical advice and assistance are always at hand. Are there not in England thousands of untainted characters who would gladly, but for the stigma of disgrace, exchange their lot here for that of the convict at Bermuda? While, as sad experience has shown, thousands at home have the bare boards covered with scanty straw for their couch, the convict at Bermuda passes every night of his sojourn there comfortably in bed. We think the poor sentinel who guards the prison, who passes every fourth and sometimes every third night as sentry, and has but 1 lb. of bread, 1 lb. of meat, and buys his own groceries and liquor, must sometimes be disposed to envy the far greater "creature comforts" allotted to his prisoner. The Government, moreover, allows the convicts threepence a day for a certain amount of work; and, as this is by no means very heavy, many of the prisoners earn their sixpence a day. Three schoolmasters superintend their education; and each convict while occupied in receiving instruction is paid just the same as if engaged in hard labour on the public works.

Besides these and various other highly interesting details respecting the Government classification and general treatment of the convicts, our author gives us some extremely curious incidents in the career of the most remarkable men amongst them. In particular we may take the names of Mitchell the Irish *vitriol* hero, "Sidney Jack" Garrett of gold-dust robbery notoriety, and the painter Kirwan, found guilty some two years back for the murder of his wife,

as amongst the most extraordinary specimens of criminal biography we ever met with. Indeed, all this division of our author's inquiry is replete with valuable matter, and affords food for reflection alike to the legislator, the moralist, and the general reader. Surely, there cannot be a doubt that the absurdly indulgent diet of the convicts, the practice of herding them together without reference to individual character and conduct, and the facilities offered for acquiring money, ought to be considerably modified. We are far from advocating severity as the rule, for penal discipline; but surely such leniency of treatment as that which we have mentioned cannot contribute much to the safety of the public or the reformation of the criminal, and at all events ought not to be extended as it is to the worst class of offenders. Not a day passes hardly without some discussion on this all-important subject; and the only result has been to show how difficult it is to find a scheme so perfect in its theory and practice, that the criminals shall be punished and reformed, and the interests of society at the same time properly protected.

And now we take our leave of the author of *Eighteen Months in the Somers' Islands*, thanking him heartily for the pleasure he has afforded us in following his footsteps. He seems during his sojourn to have employed his time profitably and agreeably, and the result is as pleasant and instructive a volume as any book of voyages and travels that has recently come before us. Besides an excellent map of Bermuda, the volume is illustrated by eight very beautiful coloured lithographs of the principal places of interest in the island, taken from daguerreotypes executed expressly for the author by Mr. Whitmore, an American gentleman who is in the habit of making long and frequent visits there in the discharge of his business.

We ought not to conclude our notice without complimenting our "Field Officer" on the life and spirit with which he describes the many scenes of beauty with which Bermuda abounds. It is impossible to read his vivid descriptions without having a permanent impression left on the mind's eye of those "purest waves and softest skies," which, as poor Tommy Moore said, made these lovely islands

A heaven for love to sigh in,  
For bards to live, and saints to die in.

*A Visit to Salt Lake: being a Journey across the Plains and a Residence in the Mormon Settlements at Utah.* By WILLIAM CHANDELLS. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

*A Residence among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea.* By ROBERT FORTUNE. London: The Sultan and his People. By C. OSCANYAN, of Constantinople. New York: Derby and Co. London: Low.

MR. CHANDELLS visited Salt Lake for a whim. He had read of the Mormons, but he had known nothing of them, and he was curious to see them in their own country and at their own homes. He had not even a design to write a book about them, insomuch that he kept but a scanty journal. He was, therefore, an impartial observer. He seems to have had no prejudices for or against them. He was received with much hospitality; nothing of their social life was concealed from him; his opportunities were equal to those of any former visitor, while he had less of bias than any of them. His narrative of the journey across the plains is not the least interesting portion of a volume which possesses the rare merit of brevity. He tells the story of his travel with a pleasant cheerfulness that wins the heart of the reader, and prepares him for the more formal description of the Mormon settlements which forms the second part of the work, and in which he gives in successive chapters a full account of the nature of the country, the religion of the Mormons, their government, institutions, and morality, and the singular relationship of the sexes, with its consequences. A journey through the settlements, and thence from Utah to California, with a short but graphic sketch of Southern California, completes the volume.

One of the pests of the plain is

#### THE GRASSHOPPER.

A day of grasshoppers; there was not a square foot of ground without one: they were in our eyes and in our bread; we saw, and could hardly see for, grasshoppers; smelt grasshoppers; breathed grasshoppers; ate grasshoppers; cursed grasshoppers; nay, they raised a false alarm in camp, for the dense cloud of them at a distance was mistaken for smoke from the prairie fired by the Indians. Perhaps every grass-

hopper has his day; this was assuredly the day of a good many.

The Mormons thus curiously escape from the difficulties which polygamy would appear to introduce into the new heaven which is a part of their creed:

#### THE MORMON HEAVEN.

In the new heaven, each original believer in Mormonism—that is, the first of his family to believe—will rule over a kingdom, numbering among his subjects his wives and male descendants with their wives; his daughters will belong to the kingdoms of their different husbands. "But a man may marry a widow, and their might be two claimants." No; for there is marriage either "for time" or "for eternity." A girl on her first marriage is almost invariably "sealed to her husband as his spiritual wife for all eternity," and in that case, if she becomes a widow, she can only marry "for time," and after her death belongs to the kingdom of her original husband: a register being kept to prevent any collisions hereafter. "A widow indeed," said one man expounding to me 1 Timothy iv., "is one who has no living husband; 'a widow' one who has married again, but whose husband 'for eternity' is dead: the former alone needs protection and support, and therefore St. Paul writes, 'Honour widows that are widows indeed.'" To another I quoted, "In the kingdom of Heaven there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." "No," said he, "all the marrying is done first upon earth." One exhorting from the "stand" (pulpit), said, "Wives should obey their husbands in all things, no matter what they are commanded, or whether they know it to be wrong. What then? Will they be punished? No; the wicked husband will go to Hell, and be damned to all eternity; but his wives will be taken from him and given to some better man." This last seems a little like marriage in Heaven.

Nevertheless they profess themselves to be believers in the Bible and every part of it, and they assert that they alone are its true interpreters. But they say that it does not contain all that is necessary for all times, but that additional revelations will be made continually.

Polygamy is subject to certain regulations:

No man is allowed to marry more wives than he can show he is capable of supporting properly, and in the humblest class at least a separate bedchamber for each wife is required. Men cannot obtain divorces, except for adultery; women for very trivial causes—disagreement with other wives, &c. Divorces of this kind are neither common nor yet exceedingly rare, and the divorced wives obtain new partners with as much ease as widows elsewhere in the world: they, too, have the care of their children, while their ex-husband must give a portion of his property for their support. Were men the subjects and women the objects of sensuality, or were the latter looked upon as mere concubines, even if the mother's love were not debased, children would stand a great chance of neglect and ill-treatment. Probably no people (speaking collectively) set a higher value upon their children than Mormons do; and (though women must in time become a scarce article) upon boys particularly: not certainly without a sort of Spartan feeling that their sons belong to their country and faith, to co-operate in the building up of the "church and kingdom." Polygamy, rightly or wrongly, is valued as a means of numerical increase.

Perhaps the reader would like to see how several wives contrive to live together without furious dissension. Here, then, is a picture of

#### A MORMON INTERIOR.

"Lizzy," the third wife, was very pretty, and, though with a little girl nearly four years old, hardly herself full-blown. She was an English girl, from Bedfordshire, but taken over to Nauvoo so young that practically she was a native Mormon; and had married at fifteen, almost as soon as she came to Salt Lake. The others sometimes rallied her about having begun life so young, and more than once spoke to me of her girlish prettiness. In spite of this, she was certainly the strictest mother of all, and woe betide the little offender! but, like a young mother, she would sit and cry over her sick child. The fourth wife was a handsome girl of seventeen; her husband's cousin, and not long married; but she was a vast favourite with all their children, whom she petted immensely: perhaps she had been a playmate previously. "Give me a drink, Liddy," "Do tess me, Liddy," "Won't you mend my coat (or my frock), Liddy?" resounded through the household. They never called her "aunt," as they did the others, and as they are taught to do, upon the principle of all the wives being sisters: not but what the rest were fond enough of each other's children—almost as fond, indeed, as if they had been really aunts, and the children were quite as fond of them. The latter, indeed, when they wanted a game at play, always congregated into "Aunt Elizabeth's" (the eldest wife's) room, for she was less particular about a "racket" than the others, and her threatenings were long delayed in execution: she had besides a gentleness of manner acting almost

as a fascination: infants who were ill or could not sleep were often carried to her as the best practitioner; for, like a good hen, she could manage her own brood of chickens as well as a brood of ducklings at the same time. Her own children were six, a remnant of eleven, two of them nearly grown up: I thought it a good sign of family concord that her eldest boys would nurse their young half-brothers and sisters. The wives lived two and two—that is, in their sitting-rooms; for by Mormon law every wife must have a separate bed-chamber—the eldest and youngest together: whether from any greater sympathy, or on the mathematical principle of the product of the extremes equalling the product of the means, which was about true here, they divided the household pretty evenly: but they passed from room to room constantly, and at this time had all their meals together.

But it is not so always. Sometimes jealousies prevail, as in the following instance:

Made acquaintance with Thrupp, a Mormon merchant, converted four years ago at San Francisco. His first wife died two years afterwards in California, and he only came here this summer, without any intention of staying, but now has married. His house is small, but for this place handsomely furnished, and he has, positively, a servant; nevertheless, on calling, I found T. lighting the fire himself. His new wife is rather good-looking, and "quite the lady," in dress, manner, &c. She had one of the five pianos in Utah. Astonished, as the honeymoon was scarcely over, to hear the crying of a child, on subsequent inquiry I found the lady had been previously married and obtained divorce—having therefore the care of her child. Her story was told me thus. "Evans had two wives before he married Liddy: Evans, you know, is as fine a man as you'll often meet, and one of the best-tempered; but the women could not get on together. Liddy and the old woman (the first wife) were great allies; but they could not abide Lucy, the second wife. Evans had to go on business to California, and took Lucy with him; then the other two wrote to him that if he brought back Lucy they'd both leave him: however, he paid no attention. When it came to the point, the old woman's heart failed her; but Liddy kept her word. Now she has as good a husband as she could wish; but Thrupp tells me she's dead on plurality now; and that if he ever takes another wife, there'll be no peace for him. Liddy has a quick tongue, and is not afraid to use it. The other day she said, before several people, she could not see why men should not be content with one wife, as well as women with one husband apiece: the doctrine of women being subject did not suit her at all. But then you see she's the old judge's daughter, and he has a good stroke of money and is somebody, or she daren't talk on in that way."

Mr. Fortune has given to the world the narrative of his third visit to China. On this occasion his mission was to procure tea-manufacturers, teaseeds, plants, and implements for the plantations in the north-west provinces of India. He travelled now in his own name, and as a foreigner, not as before, in the guise of a native; and, relieved from the constant fear of discovery, he was enabled to see and hear much which while playing a false part he dared not venture. His mission was successful alike in the silk and in the tea districts. Information was freely accorded to him: there seemed to be no desire to keep secret any processes of manufacture, and he has brought away with him much that will be useful, and especially some new plants which will probably soon be found in our gardens, adding to the obligations under which we already lie to him for the many beautiful accessories which he has brought to our flora. His descriptions of the people and of their civilisation are much more favourable than any that have been given by former travellers, and will much raise the Chinese in the estimation of this country—our judgment of them, it appears, being formed from what we see of the populace of a portion of Canton: which is just as if a visitor to England were to pronounce an opinion of the whole people from a week spent in Bermondsey. In works of engineering they quite equal us, and their system of canals was completed before ours were dreamed of. Another wonderful work was a series of

#### EMBANKMENTS.

I moored my boat at a little distance from the town, and determined to remain in the neighbourhood long enough to examine everything of interest which might present itself. Although the country was comparatively level near the banks of the stream, yet I was now surrounded on all sides by hills, and the flat alluvial plain of the Yang-tae-Kiang was quite shut out from my view. In its general features it was rather curious and striking. Everywhere it was cut up into ponds and small lakes, and wide embankments of earth seemed to cross it in all directions. At the first view it was difficult to account for this state of things, and I could not get any satisfactory reason for it, either from my servants or boatmen. I

knew well, however, that the Chinese have a good and substantial reason for everything they do, and determined to apply to some farmer as the most likely person to enlighten me. One day, when out on an excursion in the country, I met an intelligent-looking man, and to him I applied to solve the difficulty. "These embankments," said he, "which you now see cutting up the country in all directions, were formed many hundred years ago by our forefathers, in order to protect themselves and their crops from being washed away by the floods. The vast plain, through which you have come from Shanghai, is scarcely any higher in level than where we now stand, for you will observe the tide ebbs and flows quite up to Mei-che. With this slow drainage from our mountain streams to the eastward we have frequently a large body of water pouring down upon us from the west, which overflows the river's banks and carries everything away before it. The embankments which you observe running in all directions are intended to check these floods, and prevent them from extending over the country." Upon giving the matter a little consideration, I had no doubt that the explanation given by the Chinese farmer was the correct one, and that, however strange these embankments might appear, they were necessary for the safety of this part of the country.

The Chinese are as fond as we are just now of curiosities. Here is

#### A CHINESE VIRTUOSO.

Before leaving this part of the country, I paid a visit to another Chinese gentleman, whose acquaintance I had formerly made in an old curiosity shop in Ningpo. Like myself, he was an ardent admirer and collector of ancient works of art, such as specimens of china, bronzes, enamels, and articles of that description. Neither of us collected what are commonly known as *curios*, such as ivory balls, grotesque and ugly carvings in bamboo or sandal-wood or soap-stone, and such things as take the fancy of captains of ships and their crews of jolly tars when they visit the Celestial Empire. Above all things, our greatest horror was modern chinaware, an article which proves more than anything else in the country how much China has degenerated in the arts. The vendors of such things as we were in the habit of collecting knew us both well, and not unfrequently made us pay for the similarity of our tastes. Oftentimes I was informed, on asking the price of an article, that my Tse-kee friend was anxious to get it, and had offered such and such a price; and I have no doubt the same game was played with him. That what they told me was sometimes true I have no doubt, for in more than one instance I have known specimens purchased by him the moment he heard of my arrival. But for all this rivalry we were excellent friends, and he frequently invited me to visit him and see his collections when I came to Tse-kee. I found him the owner and occupant of a large house in the centre of the city, and apparently a man of considerable wealth. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and led me in the usual way to the seat of honour at the end of the reception-hall. His house was furnished and ornamented with great taste. In front of the room in which I had been received was a little garden, containing a number of choice plants in pots, such as azaleas, camellias, and dwarfed trees of various kinds. The ground was paved with sandstone and granite, and while some of the pots were placed on the floor, others were standing on stone tables. Small borders fenced with the same kind of stone were filled with soil, in which were growing creepers of various kinds which covered the walls. . . . This pretty fairy-like scene was exposed to our view as we sat sipping our tea, and with all my English prejudice I could not but acknowledge that it was exceedingly enjoyable.

The temples were used for the culture of

#### SILKWORMS.

If there was little to notice in these temples with reference to Buddhism and its rites, there were objects of another kind which soon attracted my attention. The halls and outhouses of the monastery seemed to be converted for the time into a place for feeding silkworms. Millions of these little animals were feeding in round sieves, placed one above another in open framework made for this purpose. So great was the number of the worms, that every sieve—and there must have been many hundreds of them—was crammed quite full. In one large hall I observed the floor completely covered with worms. I shall never forget the peculiar sound which fell upon my ear as I opened the door of this hall. It was early in the morning, the worms had been just fed, and were at the time eagerly devouring the fresh leaves of the mulberry. Hundreds of thousands of little mouths were munching the leaves, and in the stillness around this sound was very striking and peculiar. The place too seemed so strange—a temple—a place of worship with many huge idols, some from twenty to thirty feet in height, looking down upon the scene on the floor. But to a Chinesethere is nothing improper in converting a temple into a granary or a silkworm establishment for a short time if it is required, and I suppose the gods of the place are supposed to look down with approbation on such scenes of peaceful industry. When from the large number of worms it is necessary to feed them on floors of rooms and halls, there is always a layer of

dry straw laid down to keep them off the damp ground. This mode of treatment is resorted to from necessity, and not from choice. The sieves of the establishment, used in the framework I have already noticed, are greatly preferred. Whether the worms are fed on sieves or on the floor, they are invariably cleaned every morning. All the remains of the leaf-stalks of the mulberry, the excrement of the animals, and other impurities, are removed before the fresh leaves are given. Much importance is attached to this matter, as it has a tendency to keep the worms in a clean and healthy condition. The Chinese are also very particular as regards the amount of light which they admit during the period the animals are feeding. I always observed the rooms were kept partially darkened; no bright light was allowed to penetrate. In many instances the owners were most unwilling to open the doors, for fear, as they said, of disturbing them; and they invariably cautioned me against making any unnecessary noise while I was examining them. At this time nearly all the labour in this part of the country was expended on the production of the silkworm. In the fields the natives were seen in great numbers busily engaged in gathering the leaves; boats on the rivers were fraught with them; in the country market-towns they were exposed for sale in great quantities, and everything told that they were the staple article of production. On the other hand, every cottage, farmhouse, barn, and temple, was filled with its thousands of worms, which were fed and tended with the greatest care.

In a preliminary chapter Mr. Oscanyan suggests that, inasmuch as it is almost impossible for a Western European to form a fair judgment of the Easterns, and therefore that little confidence can be placed in accounts brought home by travellers of our own race, an account of the Turks by a Turk, born and bred among his countrymen, and afterwards transferred to America, where he became master of the English tongue and of American manners, may have something more than an interest for English readers—it may be useful for the correction of prejudices and for diffusing a better knowledge of the true state of men and things in Turkey. "The author," he says, "presents himself to the American public, a native of Constantinople and of Armenian parentage, with the hope that he may be able to unfold some new phases of Turkey and Orientalism, which may tend to remove any unfounded prejudices and enlighten their minds with regard to the real and existing state of his country."

Mr. Oscanyan opens with a sketch of the Origin and History of the Turks, their creeds, the practices of their religion, their famous pilgrimages, the principles of the Turkish Government, its policy, the revenue and expenditure, the army and navy, the commerce, jurisprudence, education, and medicine. The Sultan and his duties, Eastern romance, the Harem, the condition of women, the domestic life, slavery, the watering places, the bazaars and baths, the aristocracy and the people, are treated of in successive chapters; and, as a concluding one, the author adventures on a prophecy as to the future of Turkey, of which he takes a cheerful view, believing that the reforms in progress will restore vitality and power, and procure for it a longer life than hitherto has been prophesied for it either by friends or foes.

The author writes excellent English, and his descriptions are singularly clear and intelligible. He has also brought the pencil to aid the pen, and profusely illustrated the text with small woodcuts, exhibiting to the eye the most interesting objects described by the type. As a mere pictorial handbook to Turkey, it is worth having in the library. The literary contents, from their variety, are incapable of condensation; they can only be introduced in the form of miscellaneous extracts.

#### LADIES OF THE EAST AND OF THE WEST.

There is no doubt that the peculiar style of the toilet of the Turkish ladies would be deprecated by the belles of modern Christendom. Indeed, we have often heard these fastidious dames exclaim, in regarding representations of their Eastern rivals, "Most horribly indecent!" while they turned their sensitive vision from the offenders against all delicacy. And, on the other hand, we have heard the Osmanli Hanums and Efendis express equal horror at the sight of a European lady, *en costume de bal*. When the Marchioness of Londonderry presented herself at the palace of the Sultan, *en grand tenu* for a reception, the gentlemen in waiting could scarcely persuade themselves to conduct her Ladyship into the royal presence, so astonished were they at the display of the fair neck, shoulders, &c. Both Western and Eastern toilets may be styled *décolletées*, the one a horizontal, the other a longitudinal display of charms. But one thing may be said in favour of the Orientals, that they never appear in public without covering

their necks and bosoms, and even veiling their features; they are only permitted to appear uncovered at home, and even then only in the presence of their nearest relatives. On the contrary, on the most public occasions, at the operas, balls, soirees, and many other grand assemblies, do the Western décolletées delight to vie with each other in their various styles of full dress; they are even so fastidious as to have no nomenclature but ankles, while they willingly pay their dollars to see a full extension of these same ankles on the stage. The Turkish ladies with perfect indifference present their unslipped and even unhoisted feet to any shop-boy, at the same time carefully concealing their *shalvar*, or full trowsers, which are fastened below the knee, and tucked up whenever they sally forth for a *promenade à pied ou en voiture*.

It seems that the term "harem" is much misunderstood. It is thus explained by our author:

The upper part of a house in America, or those rooms appropriated to the exclusive use of the ladies, are as sacred and inviolable as any Oriental harem; and are not, as a matter of course, supposed to be the scenes of mystery and intrigue. Indeed, it is fully evident that the same spirit of deference to the comfort of the fair sex exists in America, where is seen over one of the principal entrances to the general post-office, the announcement, "Exclusively for Ladies," which in Turkey would be intimated by the single and expressive word HAREM. Again, the "Ladies' Cabin" on board the steamers would, in the East, be designated by the word Harem, written in golden characters, which would at once indicate its sacred nature, and inspire every Oriental with the respect due to the sex, which is even more imperative in that clime than in other lands, where they make a glory and boast of their excessive deference to the fairer portion of the community. Hence how erroneous the impression, that the harem is a species of female prison, established by the tyranny of men, where the weaker sex are forcibly shut up against their will. If the Osmanli ladies were under no other restrictions, their own sense of self-respect, based upon time-hallowed usage, and inculcated by the precepts of their religion, would compel them to the same seclusion. I one day happened to be in the dressing-room of a pasha, adjoining the harem; when he left the room for a moment. In the interval, his daughter, supposing her father quite alone, suddenly entered the apartment; but on seeing me there, instinctively covering her face with the drapery of her sleeve, as suddenly disappeared. While I myself as instinctively displayed my sense of the courtesy due to a lady, by looking as far as I could in an opposite direction. I heard her remarking to the slaves in the next room, that she was so mortified, for, instead of seeing her father, there stood—as large as life. Her feeling at being seen without the precincts of the harem *unveiled* was the same as would be experienced by a lady of this country, who should be surprised by the sight of a gentleman when she was *en toilette de nuit*!

The condition of women in Turkey appears also to have been misrepresented. This is the

#### TREATMENT OF LADIES IN TURKEY.

A Turkish lady is eminently queen of her own dominions, sometimes even a despot—and most independent on all occasions, both public and private. It is not necessary for ladies to be attended by their husband or any other gentleman when they go out; public sentiment entirely protects them; for, if any one should accost them rudely, the commonest citizen would immediately turn avenger. When the ladies are attended by servants and eunuchs, they are only appendages of rank and distinction. They seem, indeed, to be a privileged class. Wherever they appear the men must retire—and woe to the man who ventures upon a warfare of words with a Turkish woman; for her tongue has no bounds, and her slipper is a ready weapon of chastisement; and no man would dare to repel the attack. The convenience of the slipper as a ready means of self-defence seems to have been familiar in the days of the old classics, for the Roman poet says,

*Et soleá pulsare nates;*

and doubtless many of the rising generation can testify to its abuse, even in these days of modern improvement. The very whims and caprices which seem indigenous to the fair sex are tolerated as a matter of course with philosophic resignation, as they are instructed by the Koran, "If ye be kind towards women and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do." They have a proverb also which supplants all reasoning on such occasions.

"Satchl-ouzoun, Aki-Kissa."

Long hair, short brains.

To salute a lady, or in any way accost her, in public, would be an act of consummate rudeness; even a husband would pass by his wife and family with an air of affected indifference. Certainly such a neglect of the fair sex would be unpardonable in Europe and this country; but on the contrary, in the East, it only evinces the greatest deference and respect.

We conclude with

#### A TURKISH INTERIOR.

There is one peculiarity in the Oriental houses. You

may wander from one end to the other and not see a single bedroom or any of its appurtenances—which has induced many persons to report them as sleeping on the sofas, and never dressing or undressing. It would, however, seem more natural to suppose, that the Osmanlis never had any but day-dreams. The fact is, that the beds are all packed away in large closets during the daytime, and spread upon the floor at night. In the houses of the wealthy, the mattresses and coverlets are made of the richest materials, and the sheets of beautiful silk gauze, manufactured in Broossa. The whole appearance of the bed, so brilliant in hue, and rich in ornament, is very different from the style of a European couch. Every house has an infinite number and variety of extra beds and bedding, to be spread on the floors of any of the apartments, for the accommodation of visitors—hospitality being one of the most religious precepts and observances of the Orientals. In the Sultan's palace, however, and in the families of the wealthy, especially of those pashas who have resided in Europe, bedsteads have been introduced. Upon rising, the person claps her hands, as the apartments are never furnished with bell-ropes, and immediately the attendants appear—one holding the basin, another the ewer, and a third presenting the towel, richly embroidered at the ends. The usual method of warming the houses is by the *mangal* and *tandur*. The mangal is generally made of brass highly polished, somewhat in the form of an hour-glass, about foot and a half high, and two or two and a half in diameter; and contains a large pan of ignited charcoal. The tandur consists of a wooden frame about the height and size of a table, lined with tin, under which a pan of fire is placed, and the whole is covered with a thickly-wadded quilt. This is surrounded by sofas, and they sit with their legs and feet under the covering. More cosy than any capacious arm-chair, or softly-yielding fauteuil, is this same tandur. The genial warmth excites a wonderful sympathy in its occupants. They warm to each other, and to the world in general, and never neglect to take cognizance of their neighbour's affairs and doings. From the palace of the Sultan to the cottage of the slave, they benignantly travel, bestowing on each and all a blessing, or, when necessary, even a cursing. The ups and downs of pashas, probable and accomplished—whispers of the Sultan's favourites, or of the *efendi*'s coquettish ladies—the style of Adilé Sultan's *ferajje*, or the Grand Vezir's *fess*, are each and all passed in review, until you wonder how ever a set of miserable imprisoned women should be such arrant gossips. Ah! one cannot believe the fair sex so unjust to themselves, even in Turkey, as to neglect the observation of those interesting little items of public or retired life, which become great and weighty affairs, when discussed by ruby lips, and in the cadence of sweet-toned voices. They possess a most lady-like love of chit-chat, and so little do they covet repose for their delicate jaws, that should conversation lag, they keep them in motion by the use of mastic, which is always in readiness, preserved in little jewelled boxes.

*A Journey through Texas; or, a Winter of Saddle and Camp Life.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSSTED. London: Sampson Low. 1857.

THIS is a second volume in the series on "Our Slave States." Mr. Olmsted is an anti-slavery man; but his book is not written in a partisan spirit. The number of statistical facts which it contains will render it extremely valuable to all who wish to study the political and social condition of the Slave States.

#### FICTION.

*The Professor: a Tale.* By CURRER BELL. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

The readers of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" will remember that before the great success of "Jane Eyre" had raised Currier Bell to the highest rank of English novelists, she offered a tale called *The Professor* to almost every London publisher in turn, and one after another they rejected it. This is the work which now makes its first appearance before the public, at a time when general curiosity is sufficiently excited towards everything that appertains to Charlotte Brontë to render acceptable anything that has proceeded from her pen. We do not know that her reputation will gain anything by the publication of *The Professor*; indeed, we are inclined to believe that a contrary result is possible; but, at the same time, we admit that it is interesting as a stage in the development of a very extraordinary mind. Now that the work is before us, we are not at all surprised at the unanimity with which the publishers decided upon its merits. It is crude, unequal, and unnatural to fault; it has all the unripe qualities of a bad first work; and if it contains symptoms of future power, they are hidden and metamorphosed by much that (had the book preceded "Jane Eyre") would have decided many into pronouncing against the possibility of a high degree of merit.

It is therefore very fortunate that Charlotte Brontë did not make her *début* in *The Professor*, but that the good taste of the publishers compelled to postpone her appearance until she could present herself in the full splendour of her genius and powers.

We are by no means sorry, however, that the work has been put forward at this juncture. Anything which throws light upon the growth and composition of such a mind cannot be otherwise than interesting as a subject of study. In *The Professor* we may discover the germs of many trains of thinking which afterwards came to be enlarged and illustrated to a fuller degree in subsequent and more perfect works. The hero, William Crimsworth, is a Jane Eyre in petticoats; Yorke Hunsden is an undeveloped Rochester; and the experiences of Brussels and the pension are all here given in a less skilful and artistic form than that under which we were already acquainted with them in "Villette." The character of Edward Crimsworth seems scarcely natural, though it is quite possible that such a personage *may* have existed. Upon this we cannot speak positively; but we are quite sure that he is not an agreeable personage. The plan of the story is simple enough. Edward and William Crimsworth are left orphans upon their own resources. The elder pursues trade with such success as to make a rapid fortune; the latter is dependent upon the patronage of aristocratic relatives. Growing weary of this, and having refused a position in the Church, William is thrown upon the assistance of his elder brother. He becomes his clerk, his slave, for Edward is a tyrant. After a brief endurance of this William takes the advice of an eccentric, but not bad-hearted humourist, Yorke Hunsden, and goes abroad; goes to Brussels, where he becomes Professor of English in a boys' school, with a sort of supplementary engagement to teach the same language in an adjacent pensionnat de demoiselles. With the mistress of this latter he falls in love; but, finding that she has a preference for M. Pelet, the master of the boys' school, he very magnanimously gives her up and marries a pretty pupil teacher, a certain Mlle. Henri, and, having realised a competency by tuition, he returns to England with his wife, and lives the rest of his days in close companionship with the eccentric Hunsden. So much for the plot of *The Professor*; by way of giving a sample of the style, we subjoin one of the best passages we can hit upon.

And first I observed that Mdlle. Reuter had already glided away, she was nowhere visible; a maîtresse or teacher, the one who occupied the corresponding estrade to my own, alone remained to keep guard over me; she was a little in the shade, and, with my short sight, I could only see that she was of a thin, bony figure, and rather tallowy complexion, and that her attitude, as she sat, partook equally of listlessness and affectation. More obvious, more prominent, shone on by the full light of the large window, were the occupants of the benches just before me, of whom some were girls of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen; some young women from eighteen (as it appeared to me) up to twenty; the most modest attire, the simplest fashion of wearing the hair, were apparent in all, and good features, ruddy, blooming complexions, large and brilliant eyes, forms full, even to solidity, seemed to abound. I did not bear the first view like a Stoic; I was dazzled, my eyes fell, and in a voice somewhat too low I murmured,

"Prenez vos cahiers de dictée, mesdemoiselles."

Not so had I bid the boys at Pelet's to take their reading books. A rustle followed, and an opening of desks; behind the lifted lids which momentarily screened the heads bent down to search for exercise-books, I heard tittering and whispers.

"Eulalie, je suis prête à pamer de rire," observed one.

"Comme il a rougi en parlant!"

"Oui, c'est un véritable blanc-bec."

"Tais-toi, Hortense—il nous écoute."

And now the lids sunk and the heads reappeared. I had marked three, the whisperers, and I did not scruple to take a very steady look at them as they emerged from their temporary eclipse. It is astonishing what ease and courage their little phrases of flippancy had given me; the idea by which I had been awed was, that the youthful beings before me, with their dark nun-like robes and softly braided hair, were a kind of half angels. The light titter, the giddy whisper, had already in some measure relieved my mind of that fond and oppressive fancy.

The three I allude to were just in front, within half a yard of my estrade, and were among the most womanly-looking present. Their names I knew afterwards, and may as well mention now. They were Eulalie, Hortense, Caroline. Eulalie was tall, and very finely shaped; she was fair, and her features were those of a Low-country Madonna. Many

a "figure de Vierge" have I seen in Dutch pictures, exactly resembling hers; there were no angles in her shape or in her face, all was curve and roundness—neither thought, sentiment, nor passion, disturbed by line or flush the equality of her pale, clear skin; her noble bust heaved with her regular breathing, her eyes moved a little; by these evidences of life alone could I have distinguished her from some large handsome figure, moulded in wax. Hortense was of middle size and stout; her form was ungraceful, her face striking—more alive and brilliant than Eulalie's; her hair was dark brown, her complexion richly coloured; there were frolic and mischief in her eye: consistency and good sense she might possess, but none of her features betokened those qualities.

Caroline was little, though evidently full-grown; raven black hair, very dark eyes, absolutely regular features, with a colourless olive complexion, clear as to the face and sallow about the neck, formed in her that assemblage of points whose union many persons regard as the perfection of beauty. How, with the tintless pallor of her skin, and the classic straightness of her lineaments, she managed to look sensual, I don't know. I think her lips and eyes contrived the affair between them, and the result left no uncertainty on the beholder's mind. She was sensual now, and in ten years' time she would be coarse—promise plain was written in her face of much future folly.

If I looked at these girls with little scruple, they looked at me with still less. Eulalie raised her unmoved eye to mine, and seemed to expect, passively but securely, an impromptu tribute to her majestic charms. Hortense regarded me boldly and giggled at the same time, while she said with an air of impudent freedom—

"Ditez-nous quelquechose de facile pour commencer, monsieur."

Caroline shook her loose ringlets of abundant and somewhat coarse hair over her rolling black eyes; parting her lips, as full as those of a hot-blooded Maroon, she showed her well-set teeth sparkling between them, and treated me at the same time to a smiled "de sa façon." Beautiful as Pauline Borghese, she looked at the moment scarcely purer than Lucrece de Borgia. Caroline was of noble family. I heard her lady mother's character afterwards, and then I ceased to wonder at the precocious accomplishments of the daughter. These three, I at once saw, deemed themselves the queens of the school, and conceived that by their splendour they threw all the rest into the shade. In less than five minutes they had thus revealed to me their characters, and in less than five minutes I had buckled on a breast-plate of steely indifference, and let down a visor of impassable austerity.

"Take your pens and commence writing," said I, in as dry and trite a voice as if I had been addressing only Jules Vanderkelkov and Co.

The dictée now commenced. My three belles interrupted me perpetually with little silly and uncalled-for remarks, to some of which I made no answer, and to others replied very quietly and briefly.

Here is much of the minute word-painting, which became one of Charlotte Brontë's most remarkable characteristics, combined with a more unchecked naturalness of expression than ever she gave way to in any of her subsequent works. Had the description of the three young Graces of the pensionnat come from a *bon à faire* Professor, we certainly should refuse to recommend him for any such post for the future.

*The Sister of Charity; or, From Bermondsey to Belgravia.* By MRS. CHALLICE. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

*Good in Everything: a Tale.* By MRS. FOOT. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Mothers and Sons: a Story of Real Life.* By W.M. PLATT, Esq. 3 vols. London: Skeet.

MRS. CHALLICE is a politician, and has written a novel to propagate her political opinions. Manifestly she is one of the many literary ladies who believe that they have a mission, and, so believing, devote themselves with woman's zeal and unselfishness to the work which it imposes upon them. Mrs. Challice's creed is contained in the last chapter of her novel. The want of the age is to bring rich and poor together; to send Belgrave to Bermondsey, if Bermondsey cannot or will not go to Belgravia. She anticipates the time, which she fondly thinks is not far distant, when "the clergy will be the almoners of Christian bounty, as of old, and the castle will be freely open to the cottage, at all times metaphorically, at stated intervals literally. But, in the mean while," she adds, "the claims and duties of labour and capital must be represented in the senate. Administrative Reform must be thoroughly worked out by the unselfish earnestness of true individuality." And this "thorough regeneration must be assisted by the women." Such is the creed sought to be illustrated and enforced in *The Sister of Charity*. We will say

nothing to damp the ardour of the authoress. We were once quite as enthusiastic and as trusting as Mrs. Challice; but the experience of nigh fifty years has wrought its usual disenchantments, by teaching us that the world is infinitely less honest and vastly more kind-hearted than in our young days it appeared to us; and it is pleasant to greet now and then a mind that still is what ours was; for certain it is that time will too soon substitute the sad and sober truth for the glad and gorgeous vision. What men and women ought to be, rather than what they are, will be seen in these pages, which have the attractions of some excellent writing, unexceptionable sentiments, and an admirable purpose—qualities which will go far to excuse the absence of two other desirable features in a novel, a good plot and originality of character, both of which are wanting here. Mrs. Challice has, however, made a promising beginning, and a little more practice of her art and further experience of life will doubtless supply defects which are the common failings of young authors.

*Good in Everything* is designed to teach the moral that none of us know what is best for ourselves; that the darkest hour of the night precedes the dawn; that seeming misfortunes often prove to be blessings. It is an old truth, preached by philosophers in all ages, and it forms one of the most useful articles of the Christian creed. But it is not always received as trustingly in practice as in precept. It is very hard to reconcile ourselves to a positive present pain or inconvenience in prospect of some future benefit. The strongest-minded of us, men or women, cannot but turn longing lingering looks backward upon disappointed hopes. Fiction might fairly be called to the aid of philosophy in such a cause. A story evolved before our eyes much assists the argument. It is that teaching by example which is always so much more effective than precept.

Mrs. Foot has set before herself a useful and not a difficult task. She has plunged her heroine into misery that she might prove how a kind Providence will show a way of escape to those who put faith in God's love.

The story is short—below the conventional standard of novels; but in these two volumes Mrs. Foot has condensed as much incident as is usually expanded over three. The plot is original, ingenious, complicated, and very interesting. Some of the scenes, as the death-bed marriage at the opening of the second volume, are described with unusual power. The character of Mrs. Truman is well sustained. Altogether it is above the average of fictions, and we hope soon to give the authoress another welcome.

Mr. Platt's *Mothers and Sons* has this fault—the author seems to think that to be natural he must set down in his dialogues all that in real life persons say to one another, however worthless, unmeaning, or disconnected with the story. This is a mistake not peculiar to Mr. Platt. A dialogue in a fiction should not be like a penny-a-liner's report, where every word and incident are transcribed for the purpose of spreading the story over as many lines as possible. For instance, the following is not artistic, however precise a copy of a talk between a father and his child:

"O mercy! there again—what was that?" exclaimed Esther! "That was more than a common thunder-clap. O my head! Susan and Hannah say it's a sure sign! 'Hark!'"

"Stuff and nonsense! What matters what Susan and Hannah say, the noodles? A sure sign? Yes, to be sure it is—not doubt of it—the wiseacres—a sure sign enough—who don't know that?—of a brighter day to-morrow."

Any number of volumes might be filled with such dialogues as this. But the object of dialogue in a novel is either to advance the story or to develop character. Whatever does not one of these things is simply impertinence and waste of paper, and a trial of the reader's temper. Mr. Platt has, we fear, been trying to imitate Mr. Reade in his recklessness of phrases and audacity of description; but he wants Mr. Reade's powerful conceptions, which alone can justify such rude language. As is usual with inferior writers, he imitates the mannerism, and thinks he is copying the man. There is no greater mistake. Genius is imitable; and a sensible writer will always try to say something new, or, if he cannot do that, to say old things in some new way, instead of trying to write like somebody else who has made a reputation. It is not only in authorship that this absurdity of imitation prevails: it pervades

society. Let a man strike out a new path in any direction, and succeed, and instantly a multitude of others endeavour to follow in the same path, instead of seeking a new one for themselves; and they fail because the ground is preoccupied. Mr. Platt has a wealth of words, if he would only use them judiciously; and he has a fertile fancy, if he would but trust to its own flights, instead of striving to follow after those who have already soared. If *Mothers and Sons* were to be weeded, as it should have been, of all superfluous dialogues, descriptions, and words, it would be reduced to one half its present bulk, but it would be twice as readable. As it is, its faults outnumber its merits, although these are not few. But there are sins against good taste and good breeding, which cannot be so readily forgiven. There was no need to repeat in the dialogues the oaths which a coarse man uses in his conversation—these, at least, might be left to the imagination; but here they are paraded in all their vulgarity; we have counted no less than four in a single sentence of six lines—not at length, but that which is worse, a still more significant dash. Mr. Platt has much to learn, and still more to correct, before he will entitle himself to the fame to which he aspires, and for which, undoubtedly, he possesses some of the qualifications.

*The Unprotected; or, Facts in Dressmaking Life.* By a Dressmaker. Low and Son.

We doubt whether the author of this tale is more than an amateur dressmaker. It is written with the best intention, to exhibit the grievances of a dressmaker's life; but, as is the wont with stories composed with a foregone conclusion, the griefs are monstrously exaggerated and the pleasures are suppressed. Some of the scenes may have been taken from the life, but most of them are manifestly inventions. The young women do not talk like persons in their position, but in the style of a novelist, proving the unreality of the picture. Some of the descriptions are lively, but there is too much of the "preacher, preacher," about the whole of it. We fear that it is the beginning of a flight of fictions levelled at social wrongs, which will be prompted by the success of Mr. Read's masterly work, "*Tis Never too Late to Mend.*"

*Jane Hardy; or, the Withered Heart.* By T. S. ARTHUR. London: Knight.

A WIFE without a heart, marrying, performing all domestic duties faithfully, but wanting even a spark of affection for her husband—the terrible consequences to him—the coming of a child, bringing brighter hopes and better days—such is the theme which Mr. Arthur has selected for a domestic tale, full of interest, because full of truth. It is the best of the multitude of minor fictions which have been pouring from the press in so full a stream for several months past.

*Miss Pardoe's Home and Abroad*, a clever novel, has been issued in a cheap form.

Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Buccaneer* has been added to the "Parlour Library."

Grattan's romance, *The Perfect Record*, and other tales of the Rhine, have been published in a cheap volume by Hodgson.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Heroine of Scutari and other Poems.* By EDWARD R. CAMPBELL. New York: Dana and Co. London: Low and Son.

*First Fruits: Poems.* By E. H. R. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Miscellaneous Poems.* By an Indian Officer. London: Saunders and Otley.

*Psyche, and other Poems.* By JAMES CRUICE. London: Bryce.

*The Student of Jena.* By WILLIAM COOPER, B.A. London: Warr.

*Mokanna; or, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.* By WILLIAM COOPER, B.A. London: Warr.

*Orestes and the Avengers.* In Three Acts. By GORONVY CAMLAN. London: Parker.

*Sir Geoffrey, and other Poems.* By HENRY GRAZEBROOK. London: Bell and Daldy.

*The Abbey, and other Poems.* By T. N. BEASLEY. London: Madden.

In a review of some American poets in our last issue we overlooked the name of Edward R. Campbell, author of *The Heroine of Scutari and other Poems*. Of this author we may say that his merit lies in being varied and genial. He neither sings out of tune nor time; but, what is rather unfortunate, he manages to show the reader that his songs have not all the quick throb of inspiration. His poems awaken no excitement; over their quiet outpouring we do not

bend in wonder or admiration, but feel simply pleased that a cultivated mind has observed some of those lovely objects which meet the earnest student at every turn of life, and recorded the result in very commendable verse.

We turn now to English literature, and the first poems which attract our attention are modestly termed *First Fruits*, and even more modestly bear the signature E. H. R. Whoever has written those poems—they are the work of a lady—has set a mark on the brow of time which will probably grow to be broader and more conspicuous. If she never write another line, those she has written are so truthful, earnest, tender, and pious, that they will live in some memories as a blissful solace to the cares and struggles of life. If all first fruits were as sweet as these, we should have no need of rooting up certain trees which cumber the ground, or of grafting richer and more luscious scions on ungenial branches. A smaller book more stocked with goodly phrase, with generous aspirations, with sparkling thought, than this by E. H. R., we have not seen for a long time. We would draw particular attention to a delightful poem, entitled "Watchman, what of the Night?" We shall present a portion of it only, but it is sufficient to tell its own grand story :

The torrent of the world is rough and strong,  
No eyes with loving tendernesses glisten,  
I cannot sing a truth-inspiring song  
If none on earth will listen.

The angel answered: Wherefore dost thou sigh?  
The courser faints not e'er his race be run—  
The meanest blossoms may not, cannot die  
Before its work be done.

The prayer-bells in thy heart should summon still  
The world all day, at noon, at eve, at dawning,  
And not like yonder church upon the hill,  
Only on Sunday morning.

The belfry-ropes have hung a long, long time,  
But only midnight breezes make them quiver.  
Let thy heart ring, like some cathedral chime,  
For ever and for ever.

If there be none to hearken to thy song—  
No ears to heed—no loving eyes to glisten—  
God's little wood-birds sing the whole day long,  
And care not who will listen.

Then let the roses of thy fancy peep  
Within the love-lit cottage of thy heart;  
And, like a consecrated treasure, keep  
The knowledge of thine art.

And lift thy trusting eyes unto the sky,  
For Heaven—not earth—shall give thy words a hearing.  
Speak truth undauntedly, and live and die  
Life loving, death unfearing.

Scorn not thy life—it is the gift of God;  
Scorn not thy kind—they are His children too.  
The dark-blue violet rises from the sod  
All the long winter through.

It throws a smile upon each winter day—  
A fragrance o'er the frosty atmosphere.  
Thou hast had many winters; I will stay  
With thee another year.

It is the way of life that good and bad mingle together; that the self-same hedge which succours the medicinal flower shelters and strengthens the noxious weed. The grand old walls of our cathedrals compass alike the child of God who goes solemnly to praise and pray, and the reprobate who makes an idle and wicked promenade of the stately aisles. So it is with books and the book-trade. Two unpretending blue covers inclose the result of some valuable thought, as in the case of E. H. R.; and two others, in size or colour scarcely dissimilar, compass some vile trash by an Indian officer. There is something still to be thankful for in the fact that such coarse, slipshod, discordant doggrel does not often show its unblushing face. We need not expend words on stanzas so completely deformed that they set the most ordinary principles of taste at defiance. In a military sense, we neither doubt our author's ability, his courage, nor his right to take part with those grand British heroes who made the name of Balaklava immortal; but when into the thick of such a fight he forcibly spurs his Pegasus—for the poor quadruped has somehow lost his wings—and leaves him there miserably lamed and wounded, we think a very plain case of cruelty is made out. Our readers shall decide. It should be stated that the Cossacks have just stolen at early dawn on our redoubts.

The Turks were taken by surprise,  
And soon bolted from the outpost,  
To the tune, well known in Eastern parts,  
Of "The Devil take the hindmost."

So, embolden'd by this poor success,  
The cautious Russians now advance  
All down the plain, and seem inclined  
To fairly try, like men, their chance.

And to check this unexpected move,  
At which the Allies seem'd annoy'd,  
The Highlanders came down the hill,  
And the Heavy Brigade deploy'd.

And helm and plume and ploncette  
Shone right merrily in the van,  
And with flashing eyes and swelling hearts  
Rode full many a proper man.

"Form line two-deep, my clansmen true,"  
Was the order brief, stern, and rare;  
"These be but slaves—for freeborn men  
We must reserve the hollow square."

The Russian horse, no way dismay'd,  
Came rattling up the slope at last,  
Like men resolved to die at once,  
Or clear their lost and sullied caste.

But a volley from the Scotch Brigade  
Poured in with calm and deadly aim,  
Snuff'd out the spark ere Honour's breath  
Could fan it into many flame.

And now they move towards the right,  
And re-form their broken array,  
As if they thought by brag to keep  
The laurels they had thrown away.

But from the heights Lord Raglan mark'd  
This manoeuvre with so much pain,  
That he orders sent to Lucan's chief  
To drive the vermin from the plain.

*Psyche and other Poems* is rather an ambitious title, and, as such, is apt to mislead. It has no reference whatever to the classic fable which Mrs. Tighe coloured with such fine imagination; but Psyche is merely the Christian name of a very fair mortal, who certainly does not awaken the interest of that particular goddess whom Venus put to death in spite and Jupiter made immortal from pity.

Mr. Cruice, unlike the heathen god, has not the power of making his Psyche immortal. In the first place the poet wants largeness of thought, and secondly independence of manner. A young and inexperienced poet would always do well to study a fine model; but let him be careful and certain as to the object of his study. Above all, it is not that he may be instructed in the manner of his great prototype, but rather that he may be taught the proud elevation and sustainment of ideas. Now, it is precisely the manner of Mr. Cruice which is not new; but you know without a doubt the road he has travelled to the contemplation of his Psyche. It is the practice of the prairie Indian, and especially in seasons of danger, to use the most subtle art in the obliteration of his trail; but Mr. Cruice has altogether eschewed the useful plan of the savage. All around the fountain where he has paused to drink he has trampled the ground thick with footprints. When he says,

How fair she was 'twere vain to tell,  
that is one footprint plain enough; or

'Twas in the hour, 'twas in the scene,  
So calm, so beautiful, so fair,  
It seem'd that love's own light had been  
Shed over every object there,

that is another; or

Thou art my hope, whate'er betide,  
My life, my joy, wherever placed;  
Without thee all the world beside  
Were but a cheerless, hopeless waste.

that is another still. Mr. Cruice presents one of those common instances of a facile muse whose worst enemy is its easy impressibility. A boy may learn to swim with bladders; but a time comes when his own brawny arms ought unsupported to wrestle with the stream. It is not fit, even for health's sake, that the young bird should loiter too long by the parent nest, or cling too tenaciously to the succouring twigs. In nine-tenths of our poets it is a fatal error to plunge into the dissection of that feeling which rhymes prettily in "plighted" and "blighted;" for love is, or has been, in every soul so strong a passion, that all written record of it, unless by the most impulsive and impassioned genius, is a weak demonstration. In this sense Psyche is the feeblest poem in Mr. Cruice's collection. It is in some of his other compositions that we see the evidence of self-reliance.

"The cry is still they come." Here are three performances which, if not strictly dramas, yet bear the dramatic form: *The Student of Jena*; and *Mokanna, or the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, by William Cooper, B.A.; and *Orestes and his Avengers*, by Goronva Camlan. Our readers can hardly have failed to observe that few dramas are noticed in our columns. Every year spawns its scores, which we inspect, but do not trouble our reader with their contents. Of all bad compositions, a bad drama is the worst. With two or three glorious exceptions, we have no living

poet who can soar into dramatic greatness and grandeur. It may be said that the field for dramatic pursuits is not so ample as heretofore; but we do not believe it. There are certain accessories which were lavishly used by the old Greek dramatists, and not sparingly employed by Shakspere, which are not suited to the present time; but the passions are much alike in all ages. Every age naturally produces its own dramatic materials; and the fact of their remaining unused shows not the unadaptability of the materials, but the absence of a genius who can make them visible to the mental gaze. Once so made, the public instantly recognise their truth, for they bear the impress of national manners and activities. A thousand superstitions have exploded; the schoolmaster has been abroad, and scattered the shadowy family of supernaturals; therefore the mere structural portion of the modern drama must vary from the ancient. The sympathies with old customs being weakened, and the reverence for old superstitions gone, it naturally follows that, if no genius arise to embody the requirement of dramatic life, the age will be unrepresented, and the public will be certain to seek theatrical amusement in the place of theatrical instruction.

Neither of the three works we have just named indicate the presence of that genius for whom we have yearned and prayed. We have said something in praise of *The Student of Jena* when we declare that it does credit to its German inspiration. It is German to the last degree of gentlemanly devilry. It was performed very respectably in Norwich in 1842; and we must say that the ultra-improbability of the story may be profitably overlooked for the sake of the opportunities which the poet has given for a display of fine histrionic situations. Mr. Cooper has been fortunate in having his other drama, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, also put on the stage. Of the two, this surely is the drama of the purest literary merit. The style of composition is manly and firm. When men and women speak from the stage, we delight to hear that they speak like mortals. That they so speak in this drama shows not more the consistency than the good taste of Mr. Cooper.

*Orestes and the Avengers* was never intended, neither is its construction adapted, for the stage; but it is a work of considerable power and grasp of intellect. Where there is constructive ability or strong imagination, as in Mr. Camlan, the old story of Orestes, which every schoolboy knows, is calculated to draw it forth. One who is not utterly blind to the value of fiction may see how the Hellenic fables strengthened the understanding and made better the heart. That picture of Orestes, the murderer of his mother, flying from the avenging Furies and finding peace nowhere, is a fearful picture. Before Orestes every murderer's conscience had its Furies—raging first in the wandering Cain—and pursuing no less remorsefully the wretch who was hanged last week. All the force of the moral has flowed like a burning flood from the pen of Mr. Camlan: therefore his drama is profitable for instruction.

There are two more books on our list which vary somewhat in rank—they are *Sir Geoffrey and other Poems*, by Henry Grazebrook, and *The Abbey and other Poems*, by T. N. Beasley. The first gentleman is not new to us; but in none of his former poems has he shown his complete triumph over the difficulties of art as he has shown it in the poem *Sir Geoffrey*. He has voluntarily written a portion of this poem in triplets—a most difficult mode of rhyming when we consider that the sense should flow naturally into the musical terminations. His success has not been doubtful.

Mr. Beasley is less artistic, yet he is no mean artist. His verses have few crudities, but are marked with thoughtfulness and tenderness.

*Contes de Cantorbery. Traduits en vers Français de GEOFFRY CHAUCER par le CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN. Tome I. London: Pickering.*

THE difficulty of rendering the English of Chaucer into French verse will be understood by a trial. Take any dozen lines and try to translate them into good French, and yet to preserve the English ideas, and the formidable nature of the task so boldly undertaken and so successfully accomplished by the Chevalier de Chatelain will be understood. It is a monument of industry, taste, and skill, and will introduce to thousands of his countrymen works hitherto unknown to them, and which, indeed, few Englishmen have read through.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## EDINBURGH.

*Edinburgh Dissected, including Strictures on its Institutions, Legal, Clerical, Medical, Educational, &c.: to which are added Confessions and Opinions of a Tory Country Gentleman, with a variety of anecdotal and other matter, in a series of Letters addressed to Roger Cutlar, Esq., by his Nephew.* Edinburgh: Hogg. London: Groombridge.

This book, professedly by an English resident in Edinburgh, is clever and interesting, although we should have preferred a more slashing and thorough treatment of a subject so peculiarly rich and inviting. Edinburgh is a social structure so exceedingly unique, that to dissect it adequately would require, not only the most intimate and lengthened acquaintance with the city, but powers of analysis and anatomy almost first-rate. Twice before, at least, was a similar task attempted—and in both cases with a great deal more cleverness, although with considerably less candour, than by the author before us. In 1819 Lockhart, aided by Professor Wilson, issued his "Peter's Letters," the larger part of which was devoted to a caustic and trenchant satire on the literary and political parties of the Scottish metropolis, and to bold and vigorous sketches of its leading lawyers, clergymen, and authors. Than some of these portraits, particularly those of John Clerk, Jeffrey, and Sir Walter Scott, few things in literature are better for breadth, force, and rough but picturesque accuracy and discrimination. Taking the work, however, as a whole, it was rather a caricature than a correct picture, and could scarcely be considered worthy of Lockhart's, and still less of Wilson his coadjutor's, genius. It breathed a prematurely bitter and disappointed spirit, and had that taint of coarseness from which none of Lockhart's works was quite free. It produced, however, a very considerable excitement, and aroused against the author a great deal of hostility—often a true mark of power. Some years later—in 1825, we think—the late Robert Mudie published anonymously a book entitled "The Modern Athens," full of that quaint satiric humour, nearly untinged by malignity, although racy and poignant, which was characteristic of the man. We remember distinctly his description of the King's visit to Edinburgh as exceedingly graphic and entertaining. The book made a momentary noise, although it is now nearly forgotten. The men of Blackwood, who were then running riot in their young power, and who thought that a Dundee man had no right to poach on their peculiar manor, pounced upon the offender, and treated him and his book with merciless severity. Yet Mudie, although not to be compared with Wilson for imagination or rich humour, or with Lockhart for vigorous intellect and strength of style, was a man of no ordinary genius. Some of his sketches, such as one of Brougham, in his "Babylon the Great" (a work on London, somewhat famous in its day, but now sunk in that Maelstrom of oblivion which has swallowed many better works) were remarkably spirited; one or two extracts from his poetry are still preserved in scrap-books; and his latter works on natural history were deservedly popular. His memory is yet cherished by some in "bonny Dundee," where he spent his early manhood; and in an admirable satiric engraving of the characters of that town as they appeared in 1820 to a clever artist of the place, Harwood by name (who is still living), Mudie's figure is yet to be found in almost every second house in it, standing behind the rest, and darting from his sharp hook-nosed countenance, a look of indescribably waggish observation and intelligence on his companions. The engraving to which we refer is entitled "The Executive," and all the characters in it, with the exception of one venerable clergyman of eighty-six, are now dead, while its author is not very much past the prime of his life.

The author of the third attempt to dissect Edinburgh, now on our table, is neither a Wilson, a Lockhart, nor even a Mudie; but he is a clever, accomplished, and, what is far better, he is, so far as we can judge, a thoroughly honest and right-hearted man. He has, indeed, not a few crotchetts, which we deduct from his claims and character as readily as we would shear off, if we could, the beards and moustaches of many estimable persons of our acquaintance, and reduce them—nill they, will they—to their original aspect of

decent, sensible-looking men. But we do not sternly quarrel with crotchetts, any more than with long hair or ponderous beards; and therefore, after adding a few grains of salt, we are willing to homologate the general statements of this interesting volume, and to maintain that, if Edinburgh count him her enemy, it can only be on the old ground that he has "told her the truth."

He commences with a lively account of his first entrance in Edinburgh, and of the general impression made on his mind by the view of its streets, squares, and monuments. To most men, whether they enter this "City of Palaces" from east or west, north or south, their first visit to Edinburgh is an era in their life. The dusky grandeur which shrouds its distant outline, as though the smoke of an eternal battle were enwrapping its pinnacles and hills: the mountains, which here seem to retire from it in reverence and awe, and there to crowd round it in wonder and curiosity: the bold promontories and "giant-snouted" crags of Salisbury, the Castle and the Calton hill: the huge spine of the old town, like that of some enormous mastodon or megatherium of the ancient geological formations rising up toward the Castle-rock; during the day, "piled deep and massy, close and high," thick and dark, as gathered thunders; and at night starred with ten thousand lustres, as with burning gems: the vast hollow between the two towns, resembling the valley in Mirza's vision, with the North-bridge spanning it like a cloud, and with lights as from the "Arabian heaven," half concealing and half revealing its depth in the darkness: the regularity and elegance of the streets: the continual glimpses of the country with its green, of trees or mountains or the sea, which struggle through at every point, and never for a moment permit you to lose sight of Nature, the subdued bustle of the old city and the

Silence wherever you go

of the new: the innumerable memories and associations which in the absence of living men seem to people the most solitary streets with a far nobler race: the thought that this is the mountain metropolis of a mountain land—the proud capital of an unconquered country—the place where native Royalty once presided over the haughtiest nation in the world, and the old lion of Scottish independence was often rampant, and the *perferendum ingenium Scotorum* now uttered its fierce voice in courts and Parliaments, and now roused itself in terrible popular commotions, enacting many a deed of wild justice, and now reared a tribunal of letters, the verdicts of which were heard and obeyed in every land as though "seven thunders" were speaking through the throat of one review—the place where Hume doubted, and Robinson demonstrated, and Dugald Stewart lectured, and Jeffrey spoke, and Scott wrote, and Thomas Brown speculated, and Burns was ruined, and Chalmers thundered, and Andrew Thomson reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, and Wilson shed abroad his wondrous meteoric fire:—all this, and much more than all this, comes rushing into every one's mind as he enters Edinburgh, invests it with a magical interest, and during the first days and weeks of his sojourn makes him doubt whether he be in the body or out of the body, since verily he cannot tell. When we first entered it in 1831, Sir Walter Scott had newly left it on his last pilgrimage. But still Wilson was pacing its streets and pouring out the wild harmony of his voice in one of its halls, as well as glorifying every first day of the month by his splendid improvisations in Maga: Andrew Thomson had in the beginning of the year dropped down at his own door, and died in the prime of his life and of his popularity, and the church of St. George's was now a shrine without a saint; but Chalmers was in his theological class-room, and at times, too, was shaking the pulpits of the city by the undiminished energy of his zeal and oratorical genius. John Clerk was in his dotage; but still the broad brogue of Cockburn was resounding in the Parliament-house, and the clear shrill treble of Jeffrey was now cutting the fine distinctions of his subtle intellect, and now "trembling" under the beautiful figures of his chaste yet fertile fancy. Leslie, of "heat" notoriety, was waxing old, his "heat" becoming cool, and his light within a short time of its final extinction; but his admirable successor, Professor Forbes, was at hand, who, if not equal to the other in originality or grasp, was destined to surpass him in useful

teaching and sincere enthusiasm for nature and natural science. The steps of Dr. Jamieson, the author of the great "Scottish Dictionary" were now somewhat straitened on the streets, and age had bent his portly Johnsonian form; but John Brown was then in the prime of his powers and unbounded pulpit acceptance. On a platform where Guthrie was not yet, John Ritchie of the Potter-row had approved himself almost equal to the departed giant of St. George's—not indeed in logical force and overwhelming eloquence, but in readiness of speech and in exuberance of humour. Candlish had not arrived, but Gordon and Henry Grey were eloquently preaching, and John Bruce was breathing on large yet select assemblies the spell of his strange genius. Robertson, of the Established Church, Crawford, and others, were not yet due; but Dr. Muir was publishing his elegancies in that large "Lady's Magazine" called St. Stephen's Church, and in curious contrast to him, Dr. Inglis, a frost-bit Titan, was leading his clear, calm, cumulative, and manly argumentations before audiences of more gravity and calibre in old Greyfriars. It was fine for young enthusiasts to walk the streets in these days, and at one point to meet the majestic form of Christopher North, and at another to encounter the hurrying step of Chalmers: here to see the Grecian face of Sir William Hamilton, and there again to watch the slight slim form and dark restless eye of Jeffrey; yonder to notice the huge heavy bulk and sagacious pawky eye of Dr. Inglis, and once more to admire the tall stately figure, grave apostolic countenance, and the clustering locks of gray shading the magnificent brow of Dr. Gordon. These men are all gone for ever; another race, and we fear an inferior one, has succeeded; and when we pass now through the well-known thoroughfares, we seem to have fallen into the midst of a crowd of strangers and of little men.

It is with these latter, however, that the present limner of Edinburgh must deal; and with these the Nephew of Roger Cutlar, Esq., deals on the whole honestly and well. It is not, however, till he comes to the 49th page of his work that he characterises any of the living celebrities of the city. Up to this he is occupied with describing all the pros and cons of the Scott Monument, Princes-street, Waverley Gardens, Castle Mound, Register-office, Wellington and other statues, the various Banks, the Bridges, the Botanic Gardens, Canongate, Holyrood, Westport, &c., &c., &c. This part of the book is very entertaining, as a collection of the floating talk and opinion of Edinburgh on its own edifices, &c., and suggests the thought that either the author is a native of the city *in disuse*, or that he has used his brief period of residence remarkably well.

In his seventh letter he describes himself as attending a public meeting on National Education, where he hears Lord Panmure, and Guthrie, and other men of mark and likelihood. He is more an admirer of Guthrie's broad, genial, catholic nature than he is of his oratory or genius. He seems to think that, with all his benevolence of character and width of sympathies, Guthrie's preaching is often well-illustrated commonplace, and his platform speeches are generally well-sustained claptrap; that his thought is rather scanty and superficial as well; and that his stories and jokes are repeated *usque ad nauseam*. Still Guthrie, he admits, is a power in this bustling age—an age which he thoroughly understands, so far, at least, as its outer and upper currents are concerned.

Our author has a hearty hatred—and makes no disguise of it—for the Free Church of Scotland, and strives to prove that it is just an *alias* of Popery. On this we do not enter, although in some points we agree with him, and on others differ.

In letter eighth the Nephew has some remarks on education, in the course of which he takes occasion to have a fling at classical learning. We suspect that, had he had more of the lore he despises, he would not have indited such a clause as we find at page 59: "Milton has produced an epic equal to the 'Eneid,' and second only to the 'Iliad.'" Had he ever read the 'Eneid' in the original he would never have ventured to compare that unfinished and insipid production—beautiful as many of its passages are—to the "Paradise Lost." What comparison between Turnus and Satan, Eneas and Adam, Creusa and Eve, or between the measured elegancies of the Latin poem and the massive grandeur of the English? The Nephew, when he reaches the

mature age of his uncle, will restrict himself to subjects which he in some measure understands. But what on such a theme can you expect from a person who tells us, page 65, "that the Greek for verbero is *τυπτων*." Truly, for him to reply to Bulwer on the subject of classical study, is for a blunderbuss to respond to a cannon.

In the eleventh letter we find him in Dr. Candlish's Chapel, where he very graphically, and we believe truly, describes the preaching of that celebrated individual, of whom Chalmers used to say that he had "mair promptitude than poor," and whom a critic lately compares to "Jove on Ida, throwing a cloud around him whenever he does any bad or dirty thing." The far-famed pontiff of the Free Church is certainly a very clever and remarkable person. But he is still more remarkable for his restlessness than for his energy—for his bustle than for his progress. He may be called a bit of Burke, possessing a good deal of that subtle special-pleading power which Burke sometimes used in his state papers; but utterly destitute of his grand philosophic compass—of his uniform clearness—of his rich reflection—and of his vast and glowing imagination. Candlish has fire; but it is always half choked with a sophistical smoke. He has readiness, but it is rather a knack than a gift; he has force, but it is more convulsive than gigantic; he has sometimes a fatal facility of no-meaning verbiage and an endless supply of small arguments, reminding you of the choicest needles and pins of Lilliputian warriors. But he never touches the heart—never the imagination, in the high sense of that word; and he gives you rather the impression of a man trying to sweat himself into earnestness, than of being earnest *intus et in cuto*. Hence the result is rather perspiration than inspiration. In many of his sermons and speeches he reminds you of the sun in certain misty atmospheres, all day long trying to break out, and giving you the hope that he will, but uniformly retiring into clouds and darkness, the more tantalising for the occasional abortive openings and strangled gleams. Indeed, in this incessant intellectual provocation lies much of his power. He keeps men expecting and expecting till the end of everything he does, and will till the end of his mortal life. But, while he always stirs, excites, awakens, and often irritates, he never satisfies the judgment or even fills the memory. The light he casts is thick; the impression he makes is at once confused and momentary, and, although his enormous energy and business-talent render him a powerful leader, it is as often into as out of boggs that he conducts his party—indeed, some might even conclude that he loves to get his Church into scrapes, such as that of its connection in 1846 with American slavery, that he may show his dexterity in the work of extrication. Our author justly attributes to him, as he appears in the pulpit, "absence of repose"—a characteristic which distinguishes him in all the motions of his mind and body. Whether speaking, walking, or writing, he is fidgetiness incarnate. His style, amidst its darkness, is everlasting in motion—it is mist dancing, but not dissolving, in the wind. The Nephew wonders how people sleep under him—forgetting that, while absolute silence tends to produce slumber, so often does the perpetual ticking of a clock, or the perpetual crashing of a small cataract. His books on the Atonement, Romans, &c., have been abortions. They seem, as Byron said of the speeches of Windham, "sad sophistry," and destitute of the frequent vigour of his delivery, and the piquant smallness of his person, they have palled on, or tired out, the public. Some of his recent sermons are subtle and eloquent; but by far the best of his books is his reply to Maurice.

To his description of his disappointment with Candlish's preaching, the Nephew annexes some rather shrewd and caustic remarks on the present attitude of the clergy to the age. In these we cordially agree, alike in his idea that, laborious and excellent and useful as they are, they are in general behind the spirit of the times, and in his notion that their being overwrought and underpaid is one cause of this. He says, "with the exception of some few in Edinburgh and in other cities, that the livings of the Scottish established clergy are not equal to the wages of a clerk in a factory, or a foreman mechanic, and those of the dissenting ministers are still lower." Hence many sad consequences. Hence the standard of talent amongst them is gradually sinking, although this is partly counteracted by the fact

that the standard of training is steadily rising. Hence much obscure misery, poverty, and struggle. Hence many small libraries, and many ill-furnished larders. Hence many sink into premature and nameless graves. Hence many abortive books are hurried into publication, with the vain hope of adding to their authors' scanty funds. Hence many unseemly squabbles on the subject of money with their congregations. Hence not a few efforts at getting out from what are called "smaller" to "larger" spheres of usefulness, to which a Scottish poet wittily alludes, where, in writing an epitaph on a country clergyman, he says:

He didna' stare or stamp or bawl,  
Like lads hard fechtin' for a cail,  
Or audier hands wad risk their saul  
For a translation,  
And then say 'twas God's doing, all  
Their elevation.

Hence the abandonment by many of the ministerial office<sup>1</sup> for commerce, agriculture, or some other secular calling. It should be mentioned, however, that noble efforts are being made in various denominations to raise the scale of stipend to a respectable amount, as well as to provide for infirm or aged ministers.

In his twelfth letter the Nephew enters the Parliament-house, where at first, however, he seems disposed to cry that "all is barren," and deplores the want of the ancient *genius loci*. He finds great fault with the old subject of the "law's delay," and produces a fearful list of abuses connected with the management of business in that temple of Themis. We are not very familiar with the present luminaries of the Scottish bar, and are by no means disposed to liken them to the Jeffreys, Cockburns, and Henry Erskines of the past; but we have heard, amidst others of such exceptions to the general dullness as Duncan MacNeil on the bench—*Sandy Logan* (so always familiarly called), the humorous and astute Sheriff of Forfarshire—two Glasgow youths of much performance and more promise, Shand and Moncreiff—and our friend John Campbell Smith, recently passed advocate, and who (if true to himself) threatens to be a Coriolanus among the "Volsci" an honest, able, and straightforward thinker and pleader, in an atmosphere where subtlety and falsehood too often, like the colours in shot silk, interchange, and all but inextricably intertwine. Of these, with the exception of Lord Justice General MacNeil, the Nephew takes no notice; nor do we blame him, for we are persuaded that, besides, there are in the wilderness of the Parliament House not a few very beautiful flowers, which, if not "blushing," nor capable of such an unparliamentary proceeding, are yet "unseen" and unheard of, and even the flavour of whose "sweetness" is as yet "wasted" upon the "desert air."

In the thirteenth letter, the Nephew, in general only sharp and wide-awake, waxes poetical, and passes somewhat abruptly and inconsequently (unless, indeed, his lodging was an attic) from his "lodgings" to "Thoughts associated with Heaven." He then gallantly launches out on the subject of the Millennium, as expounded by Dr. Cumming. In the course of this voyage he makes out one island of discovery, which we regret that all the Doctor's readers have not found—the fact, namely, that he possesses "grasp of mind." He might quite as justly have attributed to him Baconian knowledge or Shakespearian imagination. Dr. Cumming has some good qualities, considerable readiness, and great fluency, and has dexterously managed his share of the Popish controversy; but to ascribe to him grasp of mind is ridiculous. The majority of his books are washy commonplace—often, indeed, the dilutions of the dilutions of other minds. He cannot even steal a strong or original thought.

In letter fourteenth he writes of William and Robert Chambers and Adam Black. He tells a story of Mr. Black having declined the offer of knighthood, saying that it would sound like a burlesque on the title to hear some urchin addressing him, "Sir Adam, I'm wanting a penny pencil"—Adam being a stationer as well as publisher. He speaks well of the oratory of William Chambers, and in so doing stands alone, we believe, amongst men. He comes then to Christopher North; and his remarks on him, if not very new or eloquent, are sensible enough, although he rather depreciates those wondrous dialogues, the Noctes, and thinks that Wilson's fame will hereafter be chiefly based on such second-rate (for him) productions as the "Isle of Palms,"

the "City of the Plague," and "The Forresters."<sup>2</sup> Where, O Nephew, has Christopher North "applied the lash to the censors of Swift?" We have seen, indeed, that immaculate character defended in *Blackwood*; but one of his defenders, we are almost positive, was Lockhart, and another Ayton—"par nobile fratum." We cannot conceive of the great genial Christopher interposing himself between a Yahoo and the yells of disgusted and angry humanity. There is no analogy, although our author seems to think so, between the case of Burns and that of Swift. Burns, with all his errors and faults, was a warm-hearted man; Swift was either mad or a cold-blooded monster. Lord Jeffrey's attack on him is unanswered to this hour; and, while more than any other of his productions it shall preserve his own fame, it for ever embalms Swift's infamy. The Nephew twaddles about "Swift bestowing his affections on Stella and Vanessa," as if this were the crime charged against him—as if he were accused of erring and infatuated passion, and not of cold treachery and cruel hardheartedness. In the same page Thackeray is denominated "dear bewitching Thackeray"—words which had been *subjectively* more appropriate in Roger Cutlar's niece than his nephew, and which *objectively* might, so far as the spirit of his works goes, be as well applied to the author of "Gulliver's Travels" as to him of "Pendennis." Of our contributor, Mr. Gilfillan, the Nephew in the next page says the following civil thing, for which, no doubt, Apollodorus is very thankful:—"Hogg's Instructor" is less the magazine of a party than of the public at large; and, having for one of its regular contributors the gifted Gilfillan, one is always sure to meet with something attractive in its columns—the sparkling style of this writer rendering his productions great favourites, especially with the young."

Letter fifteenth contains some good descriptions, although here and there a little Herveyish, of the cemeteries around Edinburgh—Dean, Wariston, &c. In letter sixteenth his talk is chiefly of the Royal Academy and of artistic genius. We have not time to enlarge so particularly on the eighteen letters which follow. In the same easy, gossipping and on the whole delightful style, the Nephew, assisted by a character whom he introduces, called Ralph Orland, descants on a great variety of topics, such as the Medical Profession; Professors Simpson, Syme, and Millar; Leith Walk; Newhaven; Trinity; Granton; Grange Cemetery; Chalmers's Grave; Dentists and Druggists (his two scenes from the farce of "The Tooth Doctor" are very entertaining); Difficulties of Authorship; D'Israeli, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, &c., &c., &c. In the course of the book the Nephew visits Cloverleaf, the residence of his friend Orland's father, and a great part of the book consists of conversations with that gentleman, who in his youth had been a Tory and a familiar of John Wilson's, but had been converted to Liberalism, and who discusses politics and political men at great length, and with great good sense. Indeed, the political part of the book is in general admirable, and might almost augur an older and firmer hand than that of the sketchy Nephew. Yet we have been assured that the book, with all its inequalities, is by one author.

The Nephew on the whole we pronounce a fine fellow, although his work will not please all classes. He is no teetotaller, for instance, and seems not overmuch to value the efficiency of that system as a moral power. He is, as we have seen, keenly opposed to the Free Church, and may expect to have its organs, great and small, down upon him for his pains. He cares little for the projected union between the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches, and seems to think it would resemble a junction between twilight and gross darkness. He has a strong leaning to Episcopalianism. Among the many institutions in Edinburgh he has, we think, omitted all mention of the Philosophical Institution, for which that very learned, modest, and religious body is sure to owe him a grudge. South-country readers may not be aware that there exists in the Modern Athens a knot of some hundred sages, who, although they deem themselves "wiser than all their teachers," yet condescend to invite the more celebrated men of the day to lecture to them—not to get information, since they are already, they think, up to everything, but to subject these strangers to the scalpel of Edinburgh anatomical criticism. These worthies are great hero-wor-

shippers too, as well as critics, but their worship is confined to Goethe, Fichte, Carlyle, and themselves. Although not one of them has ever written a book of even average merit, you might imagine from their talk, their self-consequence, and their sneering severities at others, that each of them was a bearded Solon or Socrates at the very least. They unite in themselves all the worst features of the Edinburgh character, its assumption, starched pride, and *nil admirari* contemptuousness. As Carlyle says of similar characters: "The hearts of them are torpid or dead, and, consequently, the heads of them are not alive." Why has the Nephew not stepped into Queen-street Hall and sketched these transcendent spirits sitting, like another Roman senate, in judgment on Kingsley and Isaac Taylor, on Delta and Wilson, on Lindsay Alexander, and Morell, and seeming to say "You may have passed the ordeal of the whole world, but you have not yet passed ours—we shall bring you to your level?"

The Nephew says nothing either of Mrs. Stirling and her "aesthetic tea." This lady, the author of "Fanny Hervey," has succeeded to the teapot, if not fully to the talents, of Mrs. Crowe, and collects around her the leading lions of Edinburgh science, theology, and literature. She herself has some pretensions to ability, and is the granddaughter of the great linguist, John Hunter, of St. Andrew's. Around her board there assemble the Guthries, and Crawfords, and Robert Lees, representing various shades of the theology of the city; the Sykes and Simsons of the medical schools; the Logans, Ingliises, MacNeils, and John Gordons of the law; and almost all the eminent men of letters, as well as the Smiths, Masseys, Dobells, Blackies, and other young or middle-aged poets. Delightful, we have no doubt, are these reunions; sweet and strong the tea; rich the cake, and equally so the conversation. But we linger in sadness as we remember the dearer and still brighter circle of ten years ago. Edinburgh has of late lost not only her old stars, such as Wilson, Jeffrey, and Hamilton, but several eminent men who were not risen to their full altitude when arrested—more or less prematurely—by the stroke of death. Such were Hugh Miller, Edward Forbes, and Samuel Brown. No such massive mind as Miller's, and no such *Christian* journalist, is to be found in the Modern Athens; no man of such fine philosophic grasp of nature as a science, or of such general accomplishments, as Edward Forbes, now exists there; and with the lamented Samuel Brown there is none to vie, in height of aim, in originality and breadth of idea, in living burning eloquence, or in swift, subtle, and ethereal genius.

#### *Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions.* By HENRY LORD BROUHAM.

Vol. I. London: Griffin and Co.

This is a republication in a more compact form, and at a smaller price, of the collection of speeches that was given to the world a few years ago, but which now are to be added to the edition of Lord Brougham's complete works, issued periodically by Messrs. Griffin and Co. The volume before us contains the forensic orations in the Queen's case, the case of the Hunts, the Rev. R. Blawin, and on the libel on the Durham clergy; and among the political speeches are those on the Army Estimates, the Holy Alliance, Education, Irish Law, Imprisonment for Debt, the Bed-chamber question, and at the Wellington Festival. Reading them, we are reminded of the mighty progress made in the improvement of our laws since Lord Brougham first denounced their absurdities and injustice, and for which progress we are mainly indebted to these very speeches.

#### *Mesmerism in its relation to Health and Disease.*

By WM. NEILSON, Esq. Shepherd and Elliot.

MESMERISM has advanced to the stage of being received as a fact. At first it was unreservedly decried, and denounced as an imposture altogether. Its opponents have dropped that weapon as no longer tenable, and now they content themselves with admitting that there is a great deal of truth in it—that the mesmeric sleep is a reality—that even some of the phenomena are not shams; but they add that there is so much of imposture mingled with the truth, that no faith can be placed in it. Mr. Neilson's aim in this volume has been to trace what it has of true, and to find by careful investigation what is its relationship to health and disease, and what its curative powers if any. He has treated the subject with calm impartiality; and the conclusions at which he arrives are, that it is of great utility in the alleviation, and even for the cure, of many disorders, more particularly those of which deficiency of nervous energy, or its irregular distribution, is the primary cause. We recommend the volume to all who desire to understand the subject as presented by an impartial man. They will derive more knowledge from it than from any other treatise we have seen.

Mr. De Quincey has reprinted from *Titan*, in the form of a pamphlet, his articles on *China*, which had attracted some notice there.

The *Dumfries Album for 1857* is published as a contribution to a Ladies' Fancy Fair, held for the purpose of erecting a mechanics' institute at Dumfries. Carlyle, Hannay, Aird, Swain, Mrs. Hall, Gilfillan, and others have kindly contributed to its pages.

*Xenophon's Minor Works*, translated by the Rev. J. S. Watson, completes the works of this author for "Bohn's Classical Library." The translator has performed his task with more than usual freedom of expression. He has avoided the stiffness that too often attends a translation.

*Trifles, Historical and Practical, from an "Idler's Commonplace-Book,"* is a collection of scraps from out-of-the-way books; some curious, some witty, some wise, and some amusing. But the poetry at the end is vile. Is it original?

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*Blackwood* will be most welcome, for it commences a new novel by Bulwer (we prefer the old name), with the quaint title "What will he do with it?" The opening promises well, and the reader will suppose that already he is introduced to the hero and the heroine. But experience proves that Bulwer's endings cannot thus be guessed from his beginnings. "The Athelings" and "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" are both brought to a conclusion—the latter disappoints us. An account of a Visit to the Scilly Islands is, next to Bulwer's, the most interesting paper in the number, and it is to be continued.

Bentley's *Miscellany* has a Memoir of Miss O'Neill, and a curious "History of an unreadable Book," well worth reading.

The *Dublin University Magazine* gives a history of "The Peace of Westphalia," by Professor Creasy; a brilliant essay on the genius of Kingsley; and the commencement of a novel by Shirley Brooks, entitled "The Partners."

*Routledge's Shakspere*, Parts VII. and VIII., contains King John and the Midsummer Night's Dream, with many illustrations and practical notes.

The *Monthly Review's* best paper is on Fashionable Superstitions. The *London University Magazine* treats of Tobacco and the meaning of the word "gentleman." The *West of Scotland Magazine* has an essay on James Montgomery, and a review of Arnold's Poems.

The *Train* for June is characterised by smartness. The lines on the threatened destruction of the Temple Fountain are excellent. A memoir, with an ungraceful portrait, of Mr. Wilkie Collins is the second of a series of "Men of Merit."

*Titan* is to appear in an enlarged form and at an increased price, an acknowledged rival of the regular monthlies. This number concludes the volume. The most attractive paper is a translation from Balzac, entitled "The Grande Bretèche; a Study of Women."

No IV. of Mr. Russell's *Narrative of the Crimean Expedition* is illustrated.

The *Ladies' Companion* has a picture of the fashions, very useful to ladies; and another of a coach, which does not concern them.

A new weekly illustrated paper has just been issued, entitled *The Weekly Half-Holiday*.

No IV. of *Paved with Gold* is by the Brothers Mayhew.

The *Art Journal* for June has engravings of Wornell's "Dover," and Mieris's "Blowing Bubbles," from the royal galleries. Mr. and Mrs. Hall's charming chapters, "The Book of the Thames," are continued, with many illustrations.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

HOMER might have been a respectable ballad-singer in his day; but he never wrote the "Iliad." Shakspere might have acted a respectable second part at the Globe; but he never wrote "Macbeth" or "Hamlet." Walter Scott might have been a sound Scotch lawyer, but had nothing to do with the Waverley Novels. Columbus might have made a voyage to Madeira; but he never discovered America. And so we go on, in this infidel generation, demolishing all the respectable names of the past—if we can—and casting out doubts against every modern discovery. Watt, for instance, did not invent the steam-engine; the electric telegraph was invented a century before Wheatstone was heard of; and we shall hear some day that the ancient Mexicans cooked by gas and washed by steam. Columbus did not discover America. Who made the discovery then? Some wild Northmen, we are told; and a very learned and expensive book was published at Copenhagen some years ago, to prove the fact. Some believed in this book; some did not; and the question might have been an open question as between Columbus the Genoese and Halfdan the Icelander, had not recently John Chinaman been thrown in to vex it. According to Mr. J. Hanley, of San Francisco in California, who pretends to a knowledge of the Chinese language, the Chinese made the discovery of America a thousand years before Columbus; and their books describe a country, Mexico apparently, lying from them 20,000

Chinese miles eastwards. According to the account, certain Buddhist priests returned from that part, A.D. 492, who mentioned that they had distributed among the people religious tracts and idols. They called the land "Fusang," and the description they give of it deviates very little from that given subsequently by the Spaniards. They called it Fusang after a tree which grows there, with leaves like those of the bamboo, whose fruit is eaten by the natives, and out of whose bark they weave cloths. They had books also written upon the bark of the fusang. The Chinese say farther that the natives had no iron, but copper only; and that all tools with which they worked on metal or stone were made of a mixture of copper and brass. Silver and gold were in small estimation. In short, the Chinese account of Mexico deviates very little from that written by the Spaniards a thousand years afterwards. There prevailed at that distant time the same manners, religion, and degree of culture. We are further told that the similarity of the religion of the Aztecs with Buddhism is remarkable, as well as the correspondence of their arts, buildings, and customs, with those of the Chinese. Remarkable also is the similarity of the features of the Indians and Chinese, and the like accent of both languages, which are both monosyllabic, and have many words mutually significant. Mr. Hanley tells us that the Chinese accent can be traced through several of the Indian languages; and that most of the Chinese diggers with whom he spoke had

much of the dialect of the ancient Aztec language. He gives a list of some Indian and Chinese words, which we must submit to the judgment of Dr. Latham and the Philological Society.

INDIAN.	CHINESE.	ENGLISH.
Nang-a	Nang	Man.
Kook-a	Keok	Fist.
Yuet-a	Yuet	Moon.
Utyt-a	Hoto	Much.
He-ya-pa	Ho-ah	Good.
A-ma	A-ma	Mother.
Ko-chae	To-che	Thanks.
Koo-lae	Ku-kay	You.
Yi-soo	Soa	Hand.
Aek-a-soo	Soo	Beard.
Yeta	Yat	Sun.
Lee-lum	Ee-lung	Deafness.
A-pa	A-pa	Father.
Ko-le	A-ko	Brother.
Ngam	Yam	Drunken.
Koo-chue	Chue-ko	Swine.

He adds:

*Tiyam* in the Indian language signifies night; *Ti-yam* in Chinese, the godhead of the moon over the night. *Hee-ma* in the Indian, signifies the sun, in Chinese the godhead of the sun over the day. *Walla*, in the Indian, signifies friend, in the Chinese man; in Hindostane *Walla* signifies man. On the whole, the Chinese emigration to this continent must have been of very ancient date, and there are official accounts respecting it a thousand years before the discovery of America by Europeans. Probably, at some future time, when ancient documents, which must exist in Asia, are found, farther proofs will be

afforded of the early discovery of America. Many Asiatic nations, now no more, and whose cities lie in ruins, carried many arts and branches of industry to distant coasts, and these are exactly those we find among the islanders of the Pacific: these once formed civilised nations; while the islanders of the Atlantic and the natives on its coasts were found mere savages at the period of their first discovery.

All this reads very plausible; but we confess that we should like to have further proof, from the records of the lost nations of Asia, if they are to be found, of this asserted early discovery of America.

Talking of the Chinese, here is a M. Yvan, who would entice us all the way, in his pleasant manner, from Paris to the Celestial Empire, *De France en Chine*; but we must decline following him the whole way. We stop with him only while he pays a visit to an Englishman on the mountains of Brazil, one M. Braone. We suspect that M. Braone is only some plain John Brown; but we readily pardon our ally, knowing that one of his countrymen announced the late Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater treatise as an essay on the "Construction of Bridges." But Dr. Yvan has reached the house of M. Braone, and we readily follow him to catch a glimpse of a distant countryman.

M. Braone introduced me to a small saloon, respectably furnished; it was a long, narrow apartment, pierced by three windows, furnished with stoves, and garnished with a sofa and chairs on castors. He installed me before a table, on which were disposed bottles containing port, sherry, brandy, rum, and a great bound book. When I was seated, M. Braone begged to be excused for a moment, and disappeared; a quarter of an hour afterwards he entered, conducting on his arm a young negress. This girl, who could be scarcely eighteen years, was clad in a white dress à grande pelerine, such as is worn by English ladies only; she wore a blue bonnet, in the same taste as the frock, and her feet were encased in black leather boots laced to the ankle. Her hands were covered with thread gloves, and in this travesty she appeared ill at ease. The poor creature looked amazed, and had the stupid air of the negroes of the coast, and had three large slits in the nostrils. Negroes recently introduced into the European colonies are nearly all marked by certain signs resulting from a wound inflicted upon them in their youth, in order to prove their identity, whilst the negro creoles no longer practice this barbarous custom. M. Braone stationed himself before me, all the while supporting the negress on his arm. They bowed themselves to me simultaneously, and the Englishman said: "This is Mrs. Braone!" I returned, as seriously as I could, my salutations to this strange couple; but I confess I had not a word to address to them. The gentleman, after bowing a second time, turned upon his heels, and withdrew, taking with him this singular Madame Braone. I had not yet recovered from the astonishment caused me by this presentation when M. Braone returned, giving his arm to another negress—this one younger than the first, wore certainly the robes which her companion had cast off, and, as she was not so tall, she seemed to draw a train after her. M. Braone, true to the usages of his country in all that relates to the mode of presentation, inclined a second time before me, saying: "Another Mrs. Braone!" At this unheard-of declaration I could not resist bursting out in loud laughter. My noisy hilarity did not offend my host; he contented himself with raising his eyes to Heaven, exclaiming, "Oh! these Frenchmen—they are astonished at everything!"—"Not precisely at everything, my dear Monsieur Braone, but at that which appeared impossible to them before they had seen it! I pray you," added I, without being able to control my laughter, "what priest then blessed your double marriage? One might run to has him upon occasion." "I am the priest," replied the Englishman; "I married myself quite alone."—"My dear Monsieur Braone, you will be hanged like a dog and damned like a Jew, at the game you play! Polygamy is case of hanging and damnation."—"Pooh-pooh!" said the gentleman; "in France or England I should be hung, yes; in Brazil, no; neither shall I be damned. Here I live like Abraham and Jacob; it is well that I should people the desert." "But you are a Christian, I suppose?"—"In London or Paris, yes; here I am a patriarch. I know the Bible better than you, my dear; it is the only book I have read for the last six years," said he, showing me the huge volume I had observed upon his table, "and this I take as my only rule of conduct. The Bible is not, as people fancy, the history of a people; it is the law written by the examples of men in civilisation, barbarism, and in the patriarchal state. Here I live in the patriarchal state. Oh no! I shall not be damned!" "My dear Mr. Braone, I admire your interpretation of the Bible; it is new! And you perfectly comprehend the duties of a patriarch?" "Yes! I should think so. Stay!" Thereupon he unhooked a whip which hung behind the door. The handle of this instrument of correction terminated in a whistle, from which he drew several shrill sounds. Immediately I saw rush into the room

five or six little urchins, brown as nuts, who ranged themselves silently side by side, in the position of a soldier under arms. The Englishman considered them for a moment with an air of satisfaction, then said to me: "These are the little Braones! When I shall have three little men more like these, I shall leave them all that I have here—this house, these mountains, these lands; they shall be richer than the sons of slaves—and I, I shall go and occupy myself with populating Sydney. . . . Oh! if all the world did it all, do the colonies would be like so many ant-hills!" I was all admiration before Mr. Braone. I could not have believed until then how one could be so completely a fool with the appearances of reason. After a moment of silence, I said to him: "Do you know that if I were to tell, in France, your manner of living and the circumstances under which I made your acquaintance, I should not be believed?" "O, certainly not," replied the gentleman, in a lively manner; "the French find the truth too extraordinary to believe it. After your return, tell them simply what you have seen, and they will accuse you of romancing—that they will!" This idea of Mr. Braone struck me by its justness. I resolved to essay to write very exactly what I had just witnessed, not caring of being taxed with exaggeration by reason of exactitude. When I was about taking leave, M. Braone endeavoured to retain me to pass the evening with him; I could not accede to his wish, the company of which I made part intending to leave the Serra next day. M. Braone, in conducting me out, made me traverse his kitchen, where we found an old negress occupied in spitting a couple of monkeys, no less than two feet in length. "If you will stay," said M. Braone, pointing to the gastronomical instrument, "behold your dinner!" I regarded M. Braone with horror. At the moment he had the effect of an ogre upon me. The spitted creatures might have been mistaken for a couple of young brats. I thought of Saturn devouring his children. But the impulsive figure of the Englishman reassured me, and, thinking that one might eat of a monkey without being accused of anthropophagy, I cordially pressed the hand he extended. At length I reached our lodging, where my companions asked me for an account of my journey. I related to them my visit to M. Braone; they did not believe a word. As we parted next day, they had no means of verifying my veracity; they adhere still to their first impression. Thus M. Braone's prophecy begins to be verified. I believe at this day that the patriarch of the Serra is a sage.

We trust the patriarch Braone continues to relish his spitted monkeys; but, like M. Yvan, we should decline his invitation to dinner. The thigh of a frog is not amiss; but the thigh of a monkey!—Oh, Soyer, what think ye of that?

The French have always been great naturalists. The names of Buffon, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Cuvier, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, are familiar to most readers. M. le docteur Yvan, of whom we have just been speaking, is not only a pleasing writer on the manners and customs of foreign people, but he is also a keen observer of animated nature, and has many interesting descriptions of the feathered and four-footed tribes. Two late works introduce us to the world of birds, *Le monde des Oiseaux*, by M. Toussenel, and *L'Oiseau*, by the historian Michelet. The reconciliation of man and animal, by returning to the "ancient alliance," as they term it, is the result desired by both writers. "The reconciliation of the animals is in the programme of democracy." They are eloquent sermons on cruelty to animals. The superiority of the bird to man is the theme adopted by M. Toussenel, and which he has been pleased to embellish with his gay fancy. The proof of this superiority, according to the naturalist, is, that in the world of birds the female everywhere plays the first part. It is not the same with us, where the man usurps the first rank—the indubitable proof of the inferiority of our race. This is a point we do not care to discuss with him. It suffices that his admiration of the winged people has made him an active and intelligent observer in this "world of birds" into which he introduces us. He classes the different species of animals in their analogy to man, his character and passions—a method which is not likely to find favour from the scientific naturalist, but one which prepares us for the reconciliation spoken of. Thus M. Toussenel's work acquires a moral value, besides the scientific value given to it by a crowd of exact observations and the knowledge of the author in ornithology. There is something, however, in his book, as in the books of all practical naturalists, which offends the sensitive reader. Audubon, with all his love of birds, was a thorough bird-butcher; and this Toussenel, otherwise so tender, we can imagine going forth with his gun in forest, grove, or thicket, and returning with bleeding spoils in the sack suspended from his shoulders. Science is without remorse in its conquests; it spares not

even our winged hosts of the wood, the bird that twitters under our eaves, or regales us with his song from the house-top, from the thorn, or the blue firmament. Michelet is perhaps an exception to the rule. He attributes the decay of certain species, above all the aquatic, to the persecutions of man. "Why," asks M. de Ronchaud, "do the swans no longer sing? They sang formerly under the mild skies of Greece and Italy, on the banks of the Ilyssus and the Mincio, and the poets heard their voices raised from the midst of reeds and rosy laurels"—and quotes Aristophanes. We give Carey's translation:

E'en thus the swans their notes do raise,  
Tio, tio, tio, tio, tinx,  
And a tuneful clamour mix;  
While every pinion creaks;  
As in Apollo's praise,  
Their random shouts and revelry,  
Tio, tio, tio, tio, tinx,  
On Hebrus' banks they ply,  
Tio, tio, tio, tio;  
Till up the clouds the clamour raves,  
And every beast, ounce, leopard, lynx,  
Hears it and shrinks;  
And the hush'd aether stills her waves,  
Tototo, tototo, tototo, tototin.  
An answering peal rings out  
From all Olympus; and the Kings, strange wonder  
Seizes, as in melodious thunder  
Graces Olympian and Muses shout  
Tio, tio, tio, tio, tinx.

But now the swan no longer sings; "it has acquired," says Michelet, "a barbarous accent." Those who have read Arago's "Ma jeunesse" will remember the grief he expresses on having killed a fawn. We cannot resist giving an extract from Dr. Yvan's work, giving expression to his feelings on a somewhat similar occasion. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Singapore.

One day I had beaten, in every direction, the depths of these thickets, and seated myself at the foot of an aged sapan. Whilst I listened meditatively to the noise of the solitudes, the voice of winds among the branches, the song of birds, the murmur of insects among the herbage, a monkey came sporting upon a tree before me. I could not lose such a fine occasion of exercising my stupid address. I seized my fowling-piece, drew the trigger, and a cry of pain followed the detonation. I saw, across a veil of smoke, the poor animal falling from branch to branch, throwing out an arm from right to left to support itself. For a moment it held on by some rotten branch, but its strength abandoned it, and it fell to the ground, followed by the treacherous spray. I ran towards the spot where I had seen it fall; but, to my great astonishment, the creature was not there; a frightful trace of blood guiding me, I discovered it squatting under a shrub, one hand upon its wound, and the other upon its eyes, to dry up its tears. At this sight I trembled from head to foot, for I felt that I had committed a murder! One of my guides approached my victim, and examined his wound. He allowed him with humid eyes to do so, without a complaint. The shot had taken effect in the right flank; the skin was divided, and the bowels protruded through a frightful opening; there was no hope of saving the poor animal. I handed my fowling-piece to a Malay, entreating him to dispatch the patient. The brave man repelled the arm of the murderer with horror. At this moment the unfortunate monkey turned on his side; he stretched out his limbs, turned his eyes towards me, and expired. I retired from the corpse, seized with indefinable sentiment of shame and remorse. I walked sadly back to Singapore, thinking of my melancholy adventure, and swearing from the bottom of my heart to respect in future the lives of every being. The Malays who accompanied me were of the same family—the one a lad of twenty-three, soft as a young girl; the other was an old man, of a melancholy figure. Both were fervent Musulmans, grave and silent as the votaries of the Prophet are general. I had contracted a kind of affection for these men, and I liked to have them near me, clothed in large Indian pantaloons, with a Malay handkerchief bound round their heads. When we arrived at their wooden houses, situated on the border of a grove, the more aged of my guides bowed himself, carried his hand to his head, and said: "Tuan, you are tired: will you rest a little time in our veranda?" I accepted this offer, and I found installed in this airy gallery a beautiful monkey which, on perceiving his masters, began to gambol joyously. The young Malay, after having caressed him, placed under his eyes the basket in which I ordinarily disposed of my spoils. The quadruped plunged his hand into it with precipitation, and drew out the animal I had killed. At the sight of it, he was struck with stupor, his eyes were fixed, his face covered with perspiration, like an old man who, in his delirium, thinks he perceives a ghost. This moment of terror past, he spread out the body on the ground, smelt the wound; then, without hesitation, he darted at me, uttering loud cries and showing me his teeth. He had divined the murderer of his brother.

We should like to dwell longer on all the pleasant works we have mentioned. Their perusal must afford delight to every true lover of nature.

## FRANCE.

*Oeuvres Philosophiques de Vanini : traduites pour la première fois.* Par M. X. ROUSSELOT. Paris. BETWEEN the middle and the end of the sixteenth century were born in the south of Italy three men who, whatever place we may assign them as philosophers, will ever be famous and ever venerated as martyrs for philosophy — Giordano Bruno, Thomas Campanella, and Lucilio Vanini; for though Campanella was not, like Bruno and Vanini, thrust by bigots into the flames, and though he passed the few last years of his old age in peace, yet his long imprisonment, and the other terrible persecutions he suffered, made his life, perhaps, sadder and more a martyrdom than theirs.

Of these three impetuous and gifted children of the South, if Bruno had the more original and majestic genius, Campanella the more fertile mind, Vanini had the more daring character: a bold and turbulent soul, whose vocation it was to fight, and whose luxury it was to die fighting.

Vanini was burned as an Atheist; but we all now know what that means. It means that the hypocrites who have God on their lips slay the brave and true who have God in their hearts.

M. Rousselot has done excellent service in translating portions of Vanini's writings from Latin into French; but the introductory notice, partly biographical and partly critical, is so meagre, and is written in a spirit so cold and captious, as signally to contrast with the conscientiousness and ability which M. Rousselot has obviously brought to his work as a translator. The meagreness, however, was in a large measure unavoidable. The materials for a biography of Vanini are exceedingly scanty, chiefly, perhaps, because his lot was cast in times when, if a philosopher was to exist at all, it was indispensable that he should as much as possible conceal his existence, unless like Bacon, the contemporary of Bruno, Campanella, and Vanini, he were content to trim and conform, to flatter and lie, be the betrayer alike of friends and of the popular cause, be the worshipper of Mammon and the tool of tyrants.

Philosophy's battle is nearly at an end. We are entering on Philosophy's harvest; and then will come Philosophy's banquet. This is the natural march of things; and we must not lament that our hour should be between the final blow of a battle and the beginning of the harvest. If we can have none of the battle's glory, let us work for the harvest the more vigorously; and the first ripe, rich sheaves that fall under our strenuous arm let us scatter as an offering of gratitude and reverence on the tomb of those—the Vaninis and so many more—who perished when the battle was the fiercest.

The long contest for intellectual independence, that primordial requirement of philosophy, was much more remotely connected with the Reformation than is usually supposed. As a grapple with the prose and pith of earth and heaven, as a grouper and explorer, science was immensely indebted to the Reformation. As an exalted, fecund, and catholic principle, philosophy found in the Reformation rather an opponent than a friend. For centuries before the Reformation philosophy had been conquering a large and noble domain for itself, which narrow ecclesiastical corporations, rather than the Church as a whole, were disposed to attack. Saint Anselm, though a leading Churchman, and though zealously combating for the privileges of the Church against the encroachments of royal prerogative, yet, simply by himself being a profound philosopher with singularly potent and prolific brain, essentially admitted that there were certain great truths which, if religion confirmed, philosophy was competent to reveal. Many of the Popes had much more liberality of mind than Luther and Calvin. Pope Clement IV. solicited from Roger Bacon an account of his researches and inventions, and shielded him as courageously as he could from the fanatics of the Franciscan order to which Bacon belonged. Some of the Popes did their utmost to mitigate the cruelty of the Spanish Government towards Campanella; others saved him from popular fury. Indeed, few of the Popes have been animated by that theological hatred which is the most merciless of hatreds. When the Popes have diverged from the merest routine, when they have risen above the merest commonplace, it has been by political talent, by political sagacity. They have meddled with theology no farther than as it was a means of compact and colossal organisation. And, as it

was not they that originated the mighty movements in the Church, so neither was it they that gave birth to bloody persecutions, though they often countenanced both. What is political necessity, and to what extent its claims should be conceded, we shall not now discuss: it suffices to show that beyond the claims of political necessity the Popes have seldom gone; while it would be equally easy to show that, even in the darkest days of ignorance, the Church sympathised with a deep and enlarged philosophy, as most in living concord with whatever is sublime in its own doctrines. The Church, calling itself and aspiring to be universal, could have affinities only with the philosophical ideas which had most the ambition and the aptitude to become universal. But Protestantism, in its name and nature alike sectarian, could tolerate in philosophy that alone which was subservient to its sectarian aim and action. The illustrious Italians, therefore (for Italians they chiefly were) who, contemporaneously with the Reformation's most aggressive movements, arose as champions of philosophical freedom, manifested in general no desire to play the part of iconoclasts toward the Papal Church. They were philosophers, not prophets, and rarely intruded on the prophet's province. Nevertheless, the compromises into which they entered or seemed to enter with the Papal Church did not spring from cowardice, or from any mean, any selfish motive. They saw that the hour for absolute philosophical liberty had not yet arrived, and they thought, whether wisely or not, that courtesy towards the Papal Church would hasten that hour. Besides, they were not so far philosophers as to forget their country, and their country was hideously degraded, tragically enthralled; and there are few patriotic Italians who have not viewed the Papal Church as an instrument for their country's deliverance.

Some of the worst foes which the philosophical emancipators of the ages immediately subsequent to the Reformation had to encounter were those of their own household. If the Papacy was, to all honest eyes, declining, Scholasticism was plainly struck with a more hopeless decrepitude. Cousin, the gibl phrasemonger, has, with true French vanity, which too often means French mendacity, asserted that the Frenchman Abelard created, and that the Frenchman Descartes destroyed, Scholasticism. We doubt whether Scholasticism is yet altogether vanquished. But if vanquished it be, then we should contend that Scholasticism was both created and destroyed by the Italian genius. It is absurd to parade any one individual as either its author or its overthrown. Mainly a product of the Italian soil, by Italian hands was it mainly attacked, and by Italian hands was it mainly defended in its decay.

More dominant perhaps in the Italian philosophers than the appetite for assault on either ecclesiastical error or scholastic pedantry was the instinct of propagandism. Hence the wandering life they led. They discovered that not much could be done by huge folios, but that much might be done by personal intercourse with certain elect thinkers. To escape from persecution, to find patrons and protectors, they had often also to change their abode. They sought, likewise, to flee from the void of their heart and the torment of their spirit, at a moment when it was easier to see that old faiths were wrong than to fix on some new faith as the right faith. Whatever of new faith they might arrive at was rather a sentiment than a conviction. They had not the despair of scepticism, but they had the melancholy of a spiritual state in which there was not enough of generative force to mould an organic creed.

Furthermore, with much of the feudal knight's daring and loftiness, they had much of his errant disposition; and, the grand Apocalypse of a fresh and mighty world across the waves having made every one an adventurer, they too were, after their fashion, adventurers.

We must carry these hints along with us if we would approach aright, if we would honestly, generously appreciate, if we would enrich our souls through communion with the doings and the utterances of Lucilio Vanini.

This martyr of philosophy was born at Taurzano, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1585. His father, who is praised by the son for the elevation of his character, seems to have been anxious that Lucilio should possess every advantage of the most finished education, as he could not leave him any fortune. By his mother, Beatrice Lopez de Noguera, Vanini was descended from a noble Spanish house. Of bold, discursive mind, he

sought the most various studies; besides the whole immense realm of metaphysical speculation, he journeyed over all physical science, all medical science; and in both ecclesiastical law and civil law he had taken a doctor's degree. With astrology he was familiar,—half jesting at, half believing it. Having become an accomplished scholar and a profound theologian, he was ordained a priest.

Some of his teachers inspired him with a more decided preference for Averrhoes than for any other philosopher. That preference he retained, though he was always one of those who feel disinclined to call any man master: refuting as freely the famous Arab who was the commentator of Aristotle as he did Aristotle himself. First a student at Rome, and then at Padua, he began, as soon as he thought he had long enough been himself learner, to instruct others. After rambling all over Italy, he visited England, Holland, Germany, and France. In England the fanatics managed to get him thrust into prison, where he remained forty-nine days. But this seems to have been an outburst of Protestant zeal against the Papist rather than of Christian zeal against the heretic. In France he for a time met with a much better reception. There his two principal works—“The Amphitheatre of Eternal Providence” and the “Dialogues on Nature”—were published, the one in 1615, the other in 1616. At Paris Vanini had as protector Marshal de Bassompierre, famous for his warlike achievements, for his amours, for his duels, and for his debts. Bassompierre passed twelve years in the Bastille for having offended the spiteful and implacable Richelieu. The Marshal confesses in his “Memoirs” that he owed more than a million and a half of francs. Let us hope that all this enormous sum was not wasted on folly and vice, and that part of it went to aid battlers for the truth like Vanini. The latter had obtained for his “Amphitheatre” and “Dialogues” the approval of the Sorbonne. But when an outcry was raised against the “Dialogues,” the Sorbonne consigned the book to the flames. There was as much caprice perhaps in this as of the spirit of persecution—a caprice of which we have frequent instances in the history of the Papal Church, and of the ecclesiastical or half-ecclesiastical bodies who have recognised its supremacy. It is a fallacy to believe that anything into which the slightest throb of human passion enters can pursue one undeviating policy. Those who declaim about Galileo's woes should in fairness admit that Nicholas Cusa, who four hundred years ago taught the plurality of worlds and the motion of the earth round the sun, was raised to the dignity of Cardinal; and that it was through the kindness of bishops, of cardinals, and especially of Pope Paul III., that Copernicus was enabled, three hundred years ago, to publish the book on the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs, which was in itself a revolution. Indeed, whether you are to be crucified or crowned for being in advance of your generation seems to depend not on the generation's ignorance, but on its whims. To escape from the fury of the Doctors of the Sorbonne Vanini fled to Toulouse. Here he appears to have fallen into a snare; for, discoursing freely on philosophy with a person called Francon, who pretended to be interested in philosophical subjects, he was by this mean creature betrayed into the hands of the priests. He was tried before the Parliament of Toulouse and condemned to be burned alive. When he was brought to the stake his tongue was to be torn out, lest he should breathe anything in his own vindication. All the documents relating to the process soon disappeared, as if the Parliament had been conscious of committing an act of signal injustice and cruelty. Though it is to ferocious enemies alone that we must be indebted for a record of his conduct at his trial and his death, yet we find not the minutest fact that would suffice to defend the proceedings of the Parliament, even in a legal point of view. The bigoted and jesuitical narrators of the affair call Vanini ugly names; but their malice and dishonesty strove in vain to invent one single tenable accusation. They say that he uttered things shocking enough after the condemnation to justify the condemnation. Yet, supposing them to have been fair reporters and impartial judges, how could the condemnation be justified by what took place subsequently to it? Listen to their statement of what occurred at the trial, and decide whether it was right to burn this man as a blasphemer, even if it were wise and beautiful and merciful to treat blasphemy as a punishable offence. Being interro-

gated that three demo straw stret in that discov throw and c spring the d force where clothe and bende on the from the sti service cours to rep of the corn this n of co imm the I anoth must canno These deeper tably inten tribu Van coura He w let u shoul This kind comm four M. of "T and a whate caree inter lively not P A PAP part o Rams Longn rocks, Shrop of W that li strata of the dated and L the U quent many of the renc strata its own surrou remain and ol was pa strata, part detecte Worc from t found bedded formed which tical in and Si

gated what he thought regarding God, he replied that he adored, with all the Church, one God in three persons, whose existence Nature evidently demonstrated. Having by chance perceived a straw on the ground, he picked it up, and, stretching forth his hands, he spoke to his judges in these terms : " This straw forces me to believe that there is a God." And, having finished his discourse on Providence, he added : " The seed thrown into the ground seems at first destroyed, and commences to whiten ; it becomes green, and springs from the ground ; it grows insensibly ; the dews aid it to mount up ; the rain gives it force ; it garnishes itself with ears, the points whereof drive away the birds ; the stalk rises and clothes itself with leaves ; it changes to yellow, and still continues to ascend ; shortly after, it bends down its head until it falls. It is thrashed on the barn-floor, and the straw being separated from the corn, this serves as food for man, while the straw is given to the animals created for the service of man." He concluded from this discourse that God is the author of all things ; and to reply to the objection that Nature is the cause of these productions, he returned to his grain of corn to remount to its author, and he reasoned in this manner : " If Nature has produced this grain of corn, what has produced the other grain which immediately preceded this ? If the last is also the production of Nature, let us remount to another until we have arrived at the first, which must necessarily have been created, since we cannot find any other cause of its production." These holy words, obviously spoken from the deepest sincerity of soul, were afterwards charitably represented as a mere rhetorical display, intended partly to dazzle and partly to soften the tribunal.

Vanini marched to his terrible doom with the courage that so eminently characterised him. He was heard—as radiant and erect he left the prison—to say in Italian, " Let us go, let us cheerfully go to die as a philosopher should."

This murder, which is not the only one of the kind which stains the walls of Toulouse, was committed in 1619, when Vanini was only thirty-four.

M. Rousselot has given a complete translation of "The Amphitheatre of Eternal Providence," and a selection from the "Dialogues." Apart from whatever conclusion we may come to about his career and opinions, Vanini is an extremely interesting writer. His mind was at once lively and full. His prodigious erudition did not prevent him from having a dashing style

such as we seldom meet with in metaphysical authors, nor his poetical wealth and warmth from having an analytic glance and grasp equal to his synthetic fruitfulness. But, better than these leaves, however rich with thought, are the ashes of the martyr, that have been borne by the winds to the four corners of the earth to quicken wherever they fall the martyr spirit. Farewell, thou noble heart, which Italian mingling with Spanish blood made, perchance too fiery, but which kindled a torch to light, to lead us on to phantasies as bright, to deeds as beautiful, as thine own. May we be the braver for having communed even for a moment with thee, thou bravest !

ATTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, June 12.

ALTHOUGH to-morrow is the day, the fatal day, big with the fate of Paris and the world, the arrival of the erratic star, which according to the German stargazer is to shiver us to atoms, is treated by the horribly sceptical inhabitants of this infidel capital with an indifference which, if the comet has any feelings, it must look upon as highly contemptuous. The Parisians, however, even in the beginning of the last century, when another comet threatened to pay the earth a visit, treated it in a manner equally disrespectful. Squibs and pasquinades describing the great and beneficial changes which its arrival would bring about were sold about the streets; several of these may yet be seen at the Imperial Library. Among the changes it prognosticates, is that of fashionable abbés into religious men, of farmers-general into models of honesty, and of the ladies of the court into models of virtue. The Parisians of the nineteenth century take matters more coolly—they don't even write about it; and the only sign of its approach is a new kind of pipe, devised by an ingenious tobacconist, representing the star with its blazing tail, and underneath the inscription " Ma dernière pipe."

The papers and the booksellers' shops have been late flooded by a new description of literature—circumstances from the prefects and authorities, recommending the Government candidates to the choice of the electors, in a style which feebly attempts to imitate that which won the great George Robins a reputation at the "Mart," of a far less perishable character than that recently achieved by M. Billault. We have also to notice an additional instance of the trite maxim "*μηδὲ βιβλίον μηδὲ πάπιον*," at the hands of one of the Government scribes—M. Granier de Cassagnac. Your readers must all be more or less familiar with the name of this individual, whose position at the Imperial Court is a greater slur than the most biting satires any enemy could devise against the Emperor. This person's real name is Granier, which he has, as he fancies, aristocratized, if such a word may be

coined, by tagging to it that his birth place is "Cassagnac"—the village where his father used to supply the latest news to his fellow-citizens and take off their beards at the moderate charge of one penny. M. Granier has to some extent improved upon the paternal business. He still pursues the family calling by supplying the public with "shaves," which, though probably not equal to those of his respected parent, fetch a better price in the market. His work is a verbose apology for the *coup d'état*, which he endeavours to persuade the public was as profitable to the country at large as it ultimately turned out for his Imperial master, and to M. de Cassagnac himself. It is replete with mis-statements on some points; on others it is correct enough. For instance, M. Granier distinctly states that in January 1849 General Changarnier, who was then commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, suggested the expediency of turning out the Assembly *à bras armés*; and expressed, in presence of his officers, his regret that the Prince President had thrown away so glorious an opportunity. All this is related with the greatest plausibility, and with details of time and place which give it an appearance of truthfulness which would be quite conclusive, were the French public not perfectly aware that M. de Cassagnac is a *Gascogne*, and that the *Gascognes* are the Irishmen of France. Moreover, General Changarnier, having seen the passage imputing to him these treacherous intentions, has written an account of what really took place on the occasion referred to by M. Granier, and clearly convicted him of what may be politely called "falsification of facts." Granier's accusation was published in all the French Government papers; but the General's refutation was coolly ignored by them, as though it had never appeared, and the copies of all the Belgian papers containing it were seized at the Post-office.

These volumes have brought to light one fact which, but for the injudicious outspokenness of the author in one point on which his employers would have greatly preferred him to remain silent, would never have come to light, as all the participants in it can only feel shame at their treacherous and underhand conduct. On the 21st of November, that is, nearly a fortnight before the *coup d'état*, the conspiracy was revealed to twenty-one of the Generals commanding the troops in and around Paris. These gallant gentlemen have reaped the fruits of their co-operation. Important commands, decorations, places in the Senate, and other snug berths devised by the new Government to reward their adherents, have fallen to their shares. As with the Praetorian Guard of old, the Empire was for sale, and was knocked down to Louis Napoleon, there being no one to bid against him. These officers must feel vastly obliged to M. Granier for publishing their names.

The book, I should observe, is published at the expense of the Government, and the poor clerks in the various public offices have been compelled to purchase each a copy. But with the general public the work has proved a complete failure.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

A PAPER "On certain Peculiarities of Climate during part of the Permian Epoch," was read by Professor Ramsay, at the Royal Institution. The proofs adduced were based on the geological structure of the Longmynd, and the neighbouring Lower Silurian rocks, between the Stiper Stones and Cherbury in Shropshire, and that of the brecciated conglomerates of Worcestershire, and part of South Staffordshire that lie near the base of the Permian Strata. Certain strata known as the Pentamerous beds lie at the base of the Wenlock shale, and form an ancient consolidated beach, that surrounded an island of Cambrian and Lower Silurian rocks at the commencement of the Upper Silurian epoch. This island was subsequently gradually submerged and shrouded beneath many thousand feet of newer strata. The prolongation of the beach during the submergence showed a difference of date; the opposite ends of the continuous substratum being of different ages, each characterised by its own groups of fossils, those of the upper part only surrounding the Longmynd. How long the island remained buried beneath the Upper Silurian rocks and old red sandstone is uncertain; but the covering was partly removed by denudation, before the deposition of the upper coal measures, for in Shropshire part of these rocks lie directly on the Cambrian strata, although Cambrian pebbles have not been detected in them; but in the Permian conglomerates of Worcestershire many fragments believed to be derived from the Longmynd and its neighbourhood have been found. These brecciated conglomerates are usually embedded in a hardened red marly paste, and are not formed from the waste of the neighbouring rocks on which they lie, but of fragments, many of them identical in composition and character with the Cambrian and Silurian beds of the Longmynd. They are of all

sizes, up to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 feet in diameter; their forms are always angular and subangular, and their sides smoothed, polished and scratched in a manner identical with some of the stones of the modern moraines of the Alps, or of the glacial drift of the Pleistocene period that spreads over the North of Europe and America. The manner in which the blocks lie rudely bedded in the marly matrix corresponds to many of the ice-drift deposits of the Pleistocene epoch. If lithological character is any guide, they have mostly been derived from the Cambrian grits of the Longmynd, and the Silurian quartz rocks between the Stiper Stones and Cherbury. Neither the Malvern nor Abberley Hills nor the South Staffordshire country contain rocks at the surface similar to those from whence the breccias have derived their materials. If then the blocks of stone that form the breccias were derived from the Cambrian and Silurian rocks of the Longmynd, the question is, how far they have travelled. The distance from the Longmynd to the places where they are found is from 25 to 50 miles; and so many angular and subangular fragments, some of them 3 feet in diameter, and forming deposits in places 400 feet in thickness, could only have been transported by floating ice; and as the same character of Pentamerous beds is not found in any other part of England, the evidence is in favour of the supposition that they were transported from the Longmynd; and as no known agent except ice could transport so many large angular blocks to a distance, the same agent must also have been at work over large areas of Europe during the Permian epoch. And if this kind of evidence is admitted for the Pleistocene drift, so may it be granted for the stones and boulders of the Permian breccias.

Mr. Vivian, in reference to the climate of the south-east coast of Devon, as compared with that of England, gave the following summary of averages, being the result of daily observations since 1842, taking

Torquay for Devon :—Mean temperature : Torquay,  $50^{\circ} 3'$ ; England,  $48^{\circ} 3'$ . Maximum temperature : Torquay,  $76^{\circ}$ ; England,  $83^{\circ}$ . Minimum temperature : Torquay,  $27^{\circ}$ ; England,  $17^{\circ}$ . Daily range : Torquay,  $9^{\circ} 9'$ ; England,  $14^{\circ} 5'$ . Days of rain : Torquay, 155; England, 170. Inches of rain : Torquay, 27.8; England, 25.5. This statement shows the error generally held with reference to this part of the south-eastern coast of Devon, where the fall of rain is actually only about half of that upon Dartmoor, and where the humidity of the air is sensibly less than the average of England. The climate of the coast was cool and dry in summer, but comparatively humid as well as warm in winter, owing to the influence of the sea, which retains a more uniform temperature, exhaling moisture in dry cold weather, but acting as a condenser whenever its temperature is below the dew-point of the air. Mr. Vivian also gave a description of a balloon ascent as follows. The chief peculiarities of the aerial phenomena were—The altitude of the horizon, which remained practically on a level with the eye, at an elevation of two miles, causing the surface of the earth to appear concave instead of convex, and to recede during the rapid descent, while the horizon and the balloon seemed to be stationary. The definite outlines and pure colouring of objects directly beneath, although reduced to microscopic proportions, occasioned by the absence of refraction and dispersion of the coloured rays when passing perpendicularly through media of differing densities, which at an angle produce aerial perspective. The rich combination of rays bursting through clouds, and having the sun's disc for their focus, contrasted with shadows upon the earth, which radiate from a vanishing point on the horizon, the narrow shadows of clouds and eminences being projected several miles, as seen in the Lunar mountains. The magnificent Alpine scenery of the upper surfaces of cloud, still illuminated at high altitudes by the cold silvery ray, contrasted

with the rich hues of clouds at lower levels, and the darkness of clouds at sunset. At altitudes above the level of perpetual congelation were the cirrus clouds, composed of snow crystals in every form and rich development of the original hexagon, affording the materials for a new era in architecture, and designs from Nature's hand for a Crystal Palace. In acoustics several interesting phenomena were noticed. The sound of London rolled westward as far as its smoke; but was lost above the clouds, where the most intense silence prevailed, as also near the surface of the earth, showing that sound ascends.

At the Geological Society a description of a small Lophodont mammal (*Pliolopis vulpiceps*) from the London clay, Harwich, was given by Professor Owen. The subject of the paper was a considerable portion of the skeleton of a small quadruped, about the size of a fox, imbedded in and apparently the nucleus of one of the Septarian nodules of the London clay, which are dredged up at the mouth of the Thames for the purpose of the manufacture of Roman cement.—Mr. J. W. Salter read a paper "On some Remains of Terrestrial Plants in the Old Red Sandstone of Caithness." The fossils occur in a dark grey flag-stone, which is often marked with impressions of annelide burrows in pairs. Most of the specimens consist of glossy black coaly matter, either in large compressed stem-like fragments, or in equally long, but narrower, curved, and occasionally branched forms, like roots. The stem-like specimens are delicately fluted, but not traversed by joints, and their microscopic structure similar to that of coniferous wood. The bituminous substance of these plant-remains is obliquely and closely cleared, the fissures being often filled up with siliceous matter. In form, these fossils resemble some specimens from the Upper Devonian rocks of Thuringia. There are also some smaller tapering and branched specimens, which appear to be branchlets of the same trees as above, and also some still smaller branched specimens, regarded by Mr. Salter as roots of these trees, and representing the tuberculous rootlets of many of the existing Conifers.

At the Zoological Society, Mr. Bartlett read a paper on the Chinese sheep, describing and referring to specimens presented to the Society by H.R.H. Prince Albert. The most important feature with regard to these sheep is their great fecundity, the three ewes in the Society's gardens having produced thirteen lambs in the present year. Specimens of the wool having been submitted to the council of the Chamber of Commerce for the worsted district of Bradford, the report of the Board was favourable as to its quality for certain branches of manufacture. A paper was communicated by Mr. Cuming, describing thirty-one new species of land-shells. Dr. Gray read a paper on the animal and bark of the genus *Antipathes*. In the proceedings of the Society for 1832 he had described for the first time the bark and animal of *Antipathes dichotoma* from Madeira. This species had been separated from the others of that genus because the surface of the axis is smooth, and not covered with a number of minute uniform cylindrical spines, like the true *Antipathes*, and has been called for that reason *Leiopathes*; and it has been further stated that, although *Leiopathes* has a distinct bark and animal like the *Gorgoniæ*, this may not be the case with the normal species of the genus. Dr. Gray had failed to discover any traces of a bark or any kind of animal matter in the various specimens examined by him; until lately a very fine specimen of *Antipathes* had been laid before him from the Seychelles, which was entirely covered with a very distinct bark or animal covering.

The President of the Royal Geographical Society announced the return of Dr. Elsey, the surgeon of the North Australian Expedition; of Mr. A.W. Twyford, recently attached to the Egyptian Nile Expedition; and also of Sir Robert Schomburgk, from St. Domingo, en route to Siam.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

##### ROYAL ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTION OF FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

THE Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland claims to be the first established in the United Kingdom for similar purposes; it comprises the distribution of art-prizes to the subscribers, with the formation of a National Gallery by the purchase of modern works of art. Its proceedings have hitherto been little known in the South; but this year the step has been taken of calling the attention of the English public to them by an exhibition of the works selected for the prizes from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Scotland, which may now be seen at Mr. Walesby's Gallery, 5, Waterloo-place. The works are about sixty in number, and include some of considerable merit. The picture entitled "The Shadow on the Path," by James Archer, is not altogether intelligible, but contains a touch of nature which interests us, even in default of a perfect knowledge of the incident represented. A young mother, with a child in her lap, sits in a corner of a garden, at the end of an arched avenue, through which we per-

ceive the sea-shore. A female figure in deep mourning, half-way down the path, leans against a tree for support, as if unable to find strength or courage to advance up the avenue. She is evidently the bearer of woful tidings, destined to cast a gloom over the happy group in the foreground. The precise relation of the parties we cannot conjecture.

Next to this picture is one of those elaborate studies of nature which excite our amazement, but hardly give a degree of pleasure commensurate with the labour bestowed. It is the "Nameless Rill," by Walter H. Paton; a fountain trickling from the crevices of a rock, amidst a tangle of vegetation, every leaf and fibre of which is made out with scrupulous minuteness. A cluster of fern on the right hand is drawn with photographic accuracy. There is a want of breadth of effect, and the colours seem to us not always strictly in accordance with nature, as in the green of the lower leaves of the fern for instance. But the fidelity of the outlines it is impossible to surpass. "The Politicians," by Alex. H. Burr, is, we understand, the work of a very young artist, and displays a great deal of Wilkie-ish talent. The politicians in this case are a tribe of children, who have seized upon a newspaper and are engaged in the mock perusal of its contents, in imitation of their elders. There is much quiet humour in this picture, and the whole group is very well designed. This artist is evidently destined to take a high place among the painters of amusing scenes of humble life. "The Castle of Inverlochy," by Horatio Macculloch, is a powerful piece of landscape, and very successful in the treatment of the clouds. This is one of the pictures purchased by the society, and not intended for distribution as prizes. To the same category belong the well-known "Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," by Noel Paton; a clever picture of "Columbus first seeing the Coast of the New World," by Harvey; and "The Porteaus Mob," by Drummond.

#### SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE idea of a society formed of female artists alone, and of exhibiting their works apart from those of masculine origin, seems not a bad one. It is in rare instances only that the pencil of the softer sex can enter into successful rivalry with that of the stronger. In the long catalogue of painters but few female names having any pretension to eminence occur. Lately, indeed, we have had some great and perhaps exceptional examples, as in Rosa Bonheur, the queen of cattle-painters; and the Miss Mutries, who have originated a style of flower-painting, superior to all previous schools. Such as these may boldly take their place in any assemblage of artists; but, on the whole, it may be admitted that the productions of female art are placed at a disadvantage in the immediate vicinity of those of the male intellect.

We have here three hundred and fifty-eight works, some of them in sculpture, by about one hundred and fifty ladies; and among them are some of no ordinary merit. Those of Mrs. E. M. Ward will attract immediate attention. The principal of them is the May Queen, a clever illustration of Tennyson's poem. There is an ambitious but somewhat sombre work by Mrs. M'lan, "Highland Emigrants," and several of a pathetic character by that clever artist Anna E. Blunden. "Gathering Wild Flowers," and "The Shortest Way to the Village," by Margaret Whitcomb, show considerable accuracy and patience in the working out of detail. This lady has a talent which might be turned to good account. "A Sand-storm in the Desert," by Mrs. Robertson Blaine, is remarkably clever. Among the water-colour drawings those of Elizabeth Murray hold a conspicuous place. The views of Teneriffe and Funchal, Madeira, are very bold and effective, though there is a want of skill shown in the management of the foreground, where the colours are dazzling and the drawing not free from exception.

Another year a collection of more importance than the present may doubtless be got together, should the project find favour in the eyes of the female artist world in general.

#### PRE-RAFFAELITE PICTURES.

A SMALL collection of pictures and sketches by artists of the Pre-Raffaelite school, or having affinity therewith, are on private view at 4, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. It comprises several works of much interest. Some of them we recollect to have had visions of before in the Academy Octagon-room, or in other remote places, where little could be guessed of their meaning. "The Last of England," by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, is a picture of a handsome couple on board an emigrant ship, as we suppose, looking towards the white cliffs of Albion for the last time. The mixed feelings of regret for the dear country they leave behind, and of solace in the thought that they are to be henceforth more than ever all in all to each other, is beautifully expressed. "King Lear," by the same artist, contains some noble thoughts. The rough face of old Kest is capably conceived. It is individual, but filled with a concentration of tender admiration, such as Shakspere has hinted at in the

exclamation which he puts in the mouth of Kent, addressed to Cordelia, "Kind and dear Princess." The "English Autumn Afternoon," "Windermere," and several other landscapes, illustrate further the direction of the artist's studies.

Arthur Hughes's "Ophelia," painted in 1852, was condemned to the Octagon-room. It is a work of a lurid imagination, realising the horrors of the swamp and of death by drowning in such a pool with horrible fidelity. On this ground we have our objection to the picture; we had rather imagine Ophelia's death not accompanied by extraneous horrors.

"The Mother's Grave," by the same, presents the converse mode of treatment. A sailor-lad stretched upon the grave of his parent, in wild grief, while the village churchyard lies basking as it were in the sultry sun of July—bright, gleaming, and joyous. Nothing here is sombre, nothing reminds us of death, or the cold chill of the tomb. The colours are not exactly those of the objects they are intended to represent; the artist has missed the true green of nature. This gives the whole rather an artificial look, but the painting is one which it is difficult to behold unmoved, so intense is the expression of grief and despair in the boy, whose face is not seen, but whose clasped hands indicate what is passing within.

Mr. Dante G. Rossetti's pictures are of the ultra Pre-Raffaelite species. They are in reality imitations of the style of some of the earlier Italian masters. If the Arundel Society were to publish "Dante's Dream at the time of the Death of Beatrice," and "The Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice," as products of Italian art, we should say, "These old painters were a little stiff and awkward in their attitudes, but what intensity of meaning there is in them—why is it that nobody can produce anything of so earnest and profound a character now?"

Mr. Rossetti has transplanted himself into the thirteenth century, and seems to be able to see nothing except with the eye of one who lived at that era. It is certainly an extraordinary achievement to be able to do this with success, as we think he has done; but the enjoyment to be had from such works must necessarily be shared by few, and those abnormally constituted and cultivated. The nineteenth century must, after all, have its own eyes, and may, by looking, see into the world as far as Dante and Giotto saw. The present age is said to be one of unbelief; and this characteristic appears to us to be strongly illustrated by such works as these—indicating that the artist does not believe in himself, does not trust his own senses, but strives to look at things through the dead eyes of the past. Are not many of those who clamour the most about unbelief really the most guilty of this?

J. W. Inchbold's study "In March" is one of the most striking we have seen from his hand. A bare-boughed tree is the principal object; spring flowers, the earliest of their kind, in front; and behind, a sky of the purest blue. The sky tint has, perhaps, never been better caught or more effectively applied. "The Long Engagement," by Chas. A. Collins, is a female head, rather brown and dirty in tint, but extremely powerful in expression. The half-grey hair, the worn and hardened lines of a face still handsome, the packet of letters, tell the tale indicated by the title. Some landscape studies by Mr. Davis, "Wallasey Mill," "The White Horse," &c., are worth looking at, but particularly "A Study of Dogs" (25), an inimitable bit of nature.

#### FRENCH EXHIBITION.

A VERY fine work by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has been added to the French Exhibition. It represents the progress of a train of mules over one of the steepest and loftiest passes of the Pyrenees. The mules are admirably painted, and the sturdy muleteers, trotting their songs, are no less natural and spirited. The clear blue sky, the snow-robed peaks, and the fresh grassy sward, are all represented with remarkable truth and beauty. There is none of that dull, muddy effect so characteristic of French art generally. There is all the brilliant clearness of our own school, with which, as we have often before observed, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's style has a strong affinity. The present work will certainly add to her reputation, already so high. The work has, we understand, been already sold for a very large sum.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A SUBSCRIPTION in favour of the late Mr. Archer's family has been opened by the Queen with a subscription of 20 guineas. The Photographic Society has granted from its funds 50*l.* By the exertions of photographers and artists it is believed that a sum may be raised sufficient to raise the widow and children of the discoverer above immediate want.—At the Exhibition of Art Treasures on Thursday, the half-crown day, 8489 persons entered the Exhibition—3652 on payment, and 4837 with season tickets. Of these 2507 arrived by railway.—M. Ary Scheffer is now in England, having come hither to paint the portrait of Marie-Amelie, ex-Queen of the French.

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## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

THE theatrical world will hear with great regret that Mr. Alfred Wigan is compelled by ill-health to relinquish his professional duties for an indefinite period. Several months have now elapsed since he was able to appear on his own stage at the Olympic Theatre, which he had raised to the highest degree of fashion and prosperity. In a few weeks he proposes to take a farewell benefit, when he will, if possible, address his farewell to a public whom he has so often gratified by his acting, and whose comfort he so sedulously promoted by the arrangements of his theatre. A deeper mortification can scarcely be conceived than this untimely check to a career that seemed to promise certain fortune.—Madame Ugalde is in England. Miss Louisa Pyne has arrived at home again from America.—At a meeting of the Committee for the Mendelssohn Scholarship held last week, it was decided to re-elect Master Sullivan as the pupil to receive education at our Royal Academy, in consequence of the progress made by him during the past twelve months.—M. Goldberg has announced a grand matinée musicale to take place at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday next, when Madame Goldberg Strozzi (sister of M. Goldberg) will make her first and only appearance at a public concert this season.—It is announced, by a telegraphic despatch from Paris, that at Florence, on Thursday night, the scenery of the theatre caught fire during the performance of "The Siege of Sebastopol." A panic arose, and in the crush 43 persons were killed, and 134 persons were more or less injured.

**DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.**

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mozart's Opera of  
*Don Giovanni.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—  
Mozart's Opera of *Don Giovanni*. Madame Ristori's  
performances.

OLYMPIC.—*All in the Wrong*: a Comedy, in five acts, by Arthur Murphy. Retirement of Mr. Wigan.

Of all the masterpieces upon the operatic stage which find favour in the eyes of musicians, three stand pre-eminently foremost—a splendid trilogy, perfect among many excellent things; I refer, of course, to "Der Freischutz," "Il Barbiere" and "Don Giovanni." Whenever any one of these three operas is presented, the public flocks to hear it in crowds, to drink in with delighted ears the sweetest streams of melody that are known in the whole realm of music. Other operas pall after a few hearings, but these never; you tire not after ten, twenty, thirty performances; each time there is something fresh to admire, something new to ponder over and dwell upon. Therefore when both our opera-houses announced *Don Giovanni* for performance in the same week, there was enough of audience and enough of enthusiasm to make both adventures perfectly successful.

If Mr. Lumley had Mr. Gye's company, or Mr. Gye had Mr. Lumley's house, the opera might have been performed in an unexampled manner. As it was, we question very much whether the opera was even better cast than at the Lyceum, on Tuesday night. It needs only to mention the names of Mesdames Grisi and Bosio, Signori Mario and Ronconi, and of Herr Formes, to convince the reader how strong a cast it was. At the "other house" the cast comprised Mlle. Piccolomini and Spezia, the new tenor, Signor Giuglini, and Belletti. That intolerable singer, Beneventano, did duty for the Don, and proved but a poor set-off for Ronconi. Yet such is the supreme power of great music, that in both cases the opera was perfectly successful.

At the Lyceum, on Monday evening, Madame Ristori made her first appearance on this, her second visit. She appeared also on Wednesday and Friday nights, and the pieces selected for these occasions were *Medea*, *Rosamunda*, and Montanelli's tragedy of *Cannna*. The reader is already so well acquainted with these two former pieces, that it is merely necessary to record that she performed them with undiminished power, and exercised the same fascination over her audience as when she was last among us.

The revival of Arthur Murphy's comedy, *All in the Wrong*, at the Olympic, is successful. The cast comprises Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Robson. All lovers of good acting will be sorry to hear that ill health has compelled Mr. Alfred Wigan to retire for a time from the stage. Neither upon the boards nor in the manager's room will his place be readily filled up. Rumour states that Mr. Wigan's sleeping partner in the managerial business (an aristocratic gentleman with capital) will continue to sway the destinies of the theatre.—Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Robson being put forward as the ostensible managers. This, however, may be mere gossip, after all. JACQUES.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE old-established and well-known business of the late Mr. David Bogue, originally founded by Mr. Tilt, has been purchased of the executors of the late Mr. Bogue for a large sum by the firm of Kent and Co., of Paternoster-row, by whom it will in future be carried on. Messrs. Kent and Co. have included in their purchase the various successful copyright works published by the house.—A work which seems destined to create considerable sensation in the political world, a History of the Reign of Louis Philippe, by M. de Nouvion, has just appeared in Paris. It is written in a spirit favourable to the monarch.—A hitherto unpublished letter of Petrarch's has just appeared from the press of Zambaccara, in Paddua; it is dated October the 9th, 1356, and was addressed to Marguardo, Bishop of Augsburg, and imperial vice-roy in Lombardy. It was extracted from a Codex which originally belonged to the Gaddi Library, in Florence.

Mr. W. H. Russell is now engaged in giving his "Personal Narrative" at Liverpool, where he has achieved great and deserved success.—On the retirement of Mr. C. Manby from the Secretarieship of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a post which he has held for eighteen years, the value of his services, and the appreciation of his personal worth, have been marked by a most gratifying testimonial, the presentation of which took place in the theatre of the institution on the 23rd ult., Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P., the president, in the chair. The testimonial consisted of a time-piece and a pair of candelabra, with the sum of 2000*l.*, the number of subscribers being 417, of whom 358 were members, and 59 private friends.—The Burney Prize at Cambridge has been adjudged to Francis Exton, B.A., of St. John's College, for the best prose philosophical critique on a passage in "Pope's Essay on Man," commencing—

On this, commencing—  
Of systems possible if 'tis confess'd,  
and following thirty-four lines.—Aimé Bonpland,  
the veteran naturalist, and friend and fellow-traveller  
of Alexander von Humboldt, has, notwithstanding  
his great age, just set out on a journey of botanical  
research in Paraguay.

In the Civil Service Estimates, issued this week,  
the sum of 541,233*l.* is set down for Public Education  
in Great Britain; 78,855*l.* for Science and Arts de-  
partment; 213,030*l.* for Education in Ireland; 3602*l.*  
for the University of London; 7510*l.* for Scotch  
Universities; 2425*l.* for the Queen's University,  
Ireland; 500*l.* for the Royal Irish Academy; 300*l.*  
for the Royal Hibernian Academy; 2500*l.* for the  
Belfast Theological Professors; 70,000*l.* for the  
British Museum (Establishment); 43,314*l.* for the  
British Museum (Buildings); 6944*l.* British Museum  
(Purchases); 5526*l.* for National Gallery, including  
purchases of pictures; and 430*l.* for scientific works  
and experiments.

## OBITUARY.

**JERROLD, DOUGLAS** at his residence, Kilburn Priory, in the 55th year of his age, of affection of the heart and kidneys.—Mr. Jerrold is known to the world as a dramatist, a novelist, a satirist, and a journalist, and as the greatest wit of the day. He was a "self-educated man." His father was the manager of the Sheerness theatre, and at a very early age Douglas entered the navy as a midshipman. He very soon, however, quitted the service, and began a new career, as a journeyman printer, in London. Soon afterwards he turned his attention to dramatic composition. "Black-eyed Susan" was his first acknowledged work; and this was followed by the ever-popular comedy of "The Rent Day." Then came "Nell Gwynne," "The Housekeeper," "The Prisoner of War," "Time Works Wonders," and "The Bubbles of the Day." His dramatic works were entirely original, and in a style peculiarly his own. A writer in the *Times* has justly styled him "the last of the truly English dramatists." To give even a brief account of the numerous publications upon which the pen of Douglas Jerrold was employed would require greater time and space than we can well spare. His contributions to *Punch*, which range from the birth of that periodical down to the day of his own death, have contributed more to his popularity than almost anything else. With Jerrold the anonymous system was quite useless, for nothing could disguise that clear, incisive, epigrammatic, and original style which distinguished the slightest fragment from his pen. He was one of those men who cannot indite the most commonplace document without impressing it with something of his own peculiar character. Latterly he filled the post of editor to *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*; and it is a proof of his great popularity that his name was alone sufficient to advance the circulation of that publication to the first place among the cheap weekly newspapers. He is to be buried in Norwood Cemetery this morning.

**STEVENS, JOHN HARGREAVE,** Architect and Surveyor for the Western District of the City of London on the 2nd inst., at his residence, Vale Place, Hammersmith, of disease of the heart.—Mr. Stevens was one of those original thinkers whose ideas make the fortunes of other men. Many of the most striking plans for improving the metropolis (some of which have been carried out, and others are still inchoate), either owe their existence to his fertile talent or have been worked out into maturity and practicability by his powerful and skilful mind. Without at all attempting to detract from the credit due to Mr. Charles Pearson in respect of the plan for uniting all the railways in the centre of London, we must put it upon record, (and we are quite sure that Mr. Pearson will be the first to acknowledge the truth of what we say), that, if

ever that magnificent and most promising scheme shall come to be carried out, a very large measure of praise will be due to Mr. Stevens. Referring to his minor labours, it is worthy of note that some of our happiest examples of street architecture are due to his artistic mind; among which we may cite the *Morning Advertiser* office in Fleet-street, and other modern specimens in the same neighbourhood. From what we have said, it will be gathered that the public has sustained a loss not easily made up; but to a large circle of private friends, who knew him, and loved him for his bright, genial, and manly mind, his loss is irreparable.

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[JUNE 15, 1857.]

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